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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

DEATH is busy among our members, who have offered themselves to the country's service, and in the news received since our last issue three of our leading members in Italy, one Englishman and two Italians, have passed away through the door of battle into the larger life. The two Italians were quite young, Gian Giacomo Porro and Luigi Ferraris; the Englishman was of middle age, Dr. James Richardson Spensley, who had lived for twenty years in Genoa as British physician and surgeon in the Port. Let me put here, in memory of these, the records sent by Mr. W. H. Kirby, one of the pillars of the Theosophical Society in Italy, and a near friend of all. Of Dr. Spensley and his many-sided activities he writes:

> He had offered his services to his country as soon as the great War broke out. For a long time his offers were shelved, and he chafed at the thought that he was unlikely to be called to serve his country, when his profession and his freedom from family encumbrances fitted him so well to fill the post of surgeon in the army. But as the War went on his repeated applications were rewarded by a call early in the year to enrol, and he was given a commission in the

R.A.M.C. attached to the 8th Battalion of the Buffs. After a short period in camp in Sussex he was sent out to the Dardanelles, and, though no details are at present known, he died serving his country, killed instantaneously about the 26th or 27th September, 1915.

All Theosophists who have visited Genoa will remember Dr. Spensley. He was one of the first Theosophists here and the founder with several others, including the writer of these few words, of the first group, the "Giordano Bruno," in Genoa. Mr. Leadbeater, who had been on a visit to Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, passed through Genoa in 1899 and had met Dr. Spensley, who at once threw himself heart and soul into the study of Theosophical literature. A chance meeting and a chance remark between Dr. Spensley and the writer of these notes set alight the lamp of remembrance and, after some months of assiduous study, a little group of friends, on the occasion of Mrs. Besant's first visit to Genoa, founded the "Giordano Group" of Genoa. The first meetings took place at the Union Hotel in Dr. Spensley's rooms, and the arrival of Mr. Jinarajadasa soon after produced a bright and steady light of study and enquiry.

A strange and eccentric character, but a heart of gold. Ever ready to render service to the poor and needy, he was also a thorough and tried friend. A student and a scholar, he affected a superficial and almost whimsical attitude towards subjects he had really probed to their depths. He often affected to turn the truth over, as one does an object in one's hands that one is examining, taking now this line of argument now that, contradicting himself purposely, and delighting in parodoxical statements, often puzzling his hearers, yet having really foremost in his mind the desire to test by the strain of conflicting reasoning the solidity of his inner conclusions. Many misunderstood him, because of this method of examining truth. But his meticulous and straw-splitting methods were in effect often the reflection of his scientific training, and he was certainly not without gifts of intuition that enabled him to see the truth beyond the tangle of argument.

His great love of young people, brought him and them endless benefit. All small boys and girls liked him at once. He organised the little street ragamuffins into a corps of match sellers, and their muddy little faces and ragged clothes could not hide from his seeing eyes their needs and their possibilities. By stealth he did his good works and many constantly benefited by his personal trouble and generosity. He started football in Italy, and founded one of the first clubs for the purpose. When all was in order and the movement spread to other towns and all over the country he withdrew, and few probably of the thousands who play and watch the great matches realise his early efforts and not easy beginnings

to induce young Italy to take to a rough but healthy athletic sport that builds character.

Dr. Spensley was among the very first to take up vigorously and organise the Boy Scout Movement in Italy. His knowledge and love of boys made it peculiarly easy for him to fire their enthusiasm and his Sundays were of recent years devoted to those marches, expeditions, and miniature adventures in the country that fire the youthful imagination and open up the ways to manliness and character as well as to devotion to King and Country.

The Boy Scout Movement only passed from his hands when a great national corps of very fine and promising young fellows had been instituted with all the patronage of the highest quarters. In this present War we see every day the hundred and one uses of the Boy Scouts in daily and hourly acts of service and sacrifice among all organisations of charity and succour to those who are directly or indirectly fighting for their country's ideals.

Gian Giacomo Porro was the son of the well-known astronomer, Professor Francesco Porro; he was killed in the trenches by a bullet through his forehead. Of him Mr. Kirby writes:

His short life was full of promise. Endowed with an ardent nature and an exceptionally brilliant intellect, he won distinction and honours at the University at which he attaind the degree of Doctor in Letters, after which he took up special studies in Archæology, being sent successively to Athens, Rhodes, and Libia, and obtaining finally an important Government post as Inspector of Excavations and Monuments in Sardinia, until recalled for military service at the outbreak of War. An ardent patriot, with the temperament of an artist and an idealist, he was also a force and a worker for Theosophy. Many of the best Italian translations of Theosophical works, as also most of the best-written articles in the *Bollettino* and elsewhere, are due to his pen. To him Italian Theosophists owe the especially beautiful translation of H. P. Blavatsky's *Voice of the Silence*. The Italian Theosophical Society and the "Giordano Bruno" Lodge of Genoa lose in him one of their best and most valuable workers for spreading Theosophical literature. And as he wrote, so he lived and so he died, loved and honoured by all, a soldier and a pioneer.

The second young man was Luigi Ferraris, and of him W. H. K. writes:

We have to record also the death at the front of this young Theosophist and distinguished artillery officer. He

was on duty as observer of gun-fire and received an Austrian shell in his chest. No one in Italy has worked more assiduously or more devotedly for Theosophy than Signora Teresa Ferraris, his mother, and it is in her loss of her favourite son that all Theosophists in Italy must unite with her in sympathy.

Few young men can boast of so pure a life, so unblemished a character, and so noble a temperament as Luigi, or better known as Gino, Ferraris. Fervently devoted to his country, an idealist in everything, he had his future assured as an Engineer, and on account of his technical skill was offered a place in Government Service connected with munitions; but he was deaf to all counsels of safety for himself, and insisted on serving at the front, using his technical skill for an especially dangerous post. For his country's ideals he gave his life and all he was and had. To his memory and to his devoted mother all fellow-Theosophists will send their sincerest sympathy.

They have passed into the light, but the younger ones, at least, will soon return into the shadows of our mortal life.

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We hear from France of a brief leave after so many long months of War, allowed to our French General Secretary Charles Blech. Very welcome was he to sisters and friends alike, and they report him as in splendid physical health and serene in mind; his hair has grown grey under the strain, but mind and body are but the stronger. Our Scotch General Secretary also is at the front, Major D. Graham Pole, and we hear of his brief words to his "boys" before a great charge, to keep calm and do their duty. Major Peacocke, of the Artillery, reports hard work and "fire problems for new positions," and his battery was one of the two specially thanked by the French General for the very valuable services rendered, when several English batteries were sent to support the French flank during the big attack at the end of September. One brave Theosophist writes: "I hate War, and quarrels of any kind, but as fighting has been laid on me as the

duty of the moment, I endeavour to excel in that duty." That is the spirit of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā*.

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It is interesting to note how the War has aroused interest in Theosophical ideas and its larger views of life. The *Evening Star* of Dunedin, New Zealand, reprints part of my Watch-Tower notes of August last, on the offering by Britain and the Dominions of their most "fit" on the battle-fields, the draining away from the Nations of their best. The *Star* reprints all that follows of the swift evolution and return, and of the work of the Manus. The message of Theosophy comes as a strong consolation, and its reasonableness recommends it, as it "justifies the ways of God to men".

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Here our excitements are other than those in Europe. Theosophically, all our work goes very well; arrangements for the coming Convention in Bombay are all well in hand, and the fine Opera House has been taken for the four Convention lectures, to be given by myself, and also for a second series, by our brother C. Jinarajadasa, whose knowledge and culture are winning for him ever larger influence and deeper appreciation. At present he is away in Burma, where he has been making a long and most successful tour, and where, a Buḍḍhist among Buḍḍhists, he has done most admirable work.

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Politically, things are not so well. There is a widespread resentment against the refusal of Great Britain to accept the eagerly offered Volunteers, who longed to give their services to the Empire, and have been deeply hurt by the refusal. Had they been accepted, there might have been another couple of million men trained by this time for military service,

and there would have been no need to talk about conscription in Great Britain, and the end would have been in sight, if not already here. Moreover, the maintenance of all the coercive Acts which discredit British Rule here is felt as another proof that " England does not trust us ". Various contentious measures are, moreover, being pushed on. Our Viceroy, Lord Hardinge, is the only man who really grasps the situation, and the love and trust felt for him are Britain's greatest asset here. And she is taking him away.

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In all the rumours about possible Viceroys there is one idea that no one puts forward, and, as it is an old fancy of mine, I throw it again into the melting-pot of public discussion? Why not a Royal Viceroy? At the present crisis in Indian affairs, when the whole country is deeply moved with the sense of a National life, and when a National Self-consciousness has arisen, it is necessary to gather together every force which can make easy the transition to Home Rule. The admitted conspiracies in the Panjab, the U. P. and Bengal are the sign of wide-spread unrest, and while it is probable that they are largely due to German influence, exercised to a great extent through German missionaries, and financed by German money, they could not have spread as widely as they did unless there had been discontent to strengthen the appeals of the conspirators. Secret conspiracy is the inevitable fruit of coercive legislation, and it will never disappear from India until the whole of the coercive legislation, *lettres de cachet*, and the rest of the anachronisms which the bureaucracy here cherishes, are swept away into the lumber-room of archaic curiosities. But more serious than the conspiracies is the distrust of the bureaucracy towards educated India, despite all that she has done

for the Empire, and the growing answering distrust of the Indians. A change *must* be made, not the change of a few more posts in the Public Services, but the definite recognition of the right of India to rule herself, and the formulation, after the War, of the legislation necessary to bring about that Home Rule. Many questions will rise, especially questions concerning the Feudatory States, in which a Royal Viceroy would be of inestimable value. It is, of course, obvious that "Provincial Autonomy," making each large division an autonomous State, fits in perfectly with the autonomy of the Feudatory States, and that a Federal Government, with the Viceroy at its head, will be the unifying National authority. The United States of India is the ideal of the future, and the Constitutions of the United States of America and of the Commonwealth of Australia offer materials for their construction. Over such a reconstructed India, and especially during the transition period, a Royal Viceroy is the ideal head. Why not the Duke of Connaught, a Prince of wide experience, no stranger to India, and well liked in the land? The Connaught family is one of the best branches of the Royal Family of the United Kingdom—Prince Arthur, Princess Patricia, would both strengthen the Viceregal Throne. The appointment would be welcomed by the proud Chiefs of the major States and by all those of Rajputana; it would soothe the feelings of the ancient aristocracy, would be approved by the thoughtful, and move the enthusiasm of the masses, who reverence the idea of Royalty. Why not, then, a Royal Viceroy?

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We must raise a note of protest against the statements made in the article in the present issue, entitled, "The Problem of our Attitude towards Physical Life"

—not on the opinions expressed, which belong to the author, but on the statement that "the Theosophist is taught to draw a sharp line of distinction between the interior and the exterior life . . . . . How is he, with that exalted inner life of his in view, to live in the world as it is to-day?" The whole para on p. 250 expands a similar idea, and suggests that normally, the Theosophist should be "wrapt in preoccupied indifference," should "devote himself wholly to the contemplation of transcendental glories and the cultivation of virtue in his own soul". The author comes on pp. 253, 254, to conclusions which, we submit, are right and true, though there is only one life, not two. But with regard to the teaching of the Theosophist, I must say that I have never been taught, nor have I passed on, any teaching of the nature described. On the contrary, I have been taught that the one life, the life of the Spirit, which is myself, should show itself out through its incasings of matter, and perform every "action which is duty". That the life of the Spirit is a joyous life of service, service of God and Man, and that no action which is Right—that is, which is in accord with the Divine Will in evolution—can be unworthy of the Spirit. Hence fighting, when fighting is necessary for the progress of the world, is an "action which is duty," and is as much an expression of the Divine Activity as the nursing of a sufferer, or the education of a child. "Working together with me, render all action attractive," said Shrī Kṛṣhṇa. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," said the Christ. The divorce between the religious and the secular life is not made in Theosophy; to the Theosophist nothing should be secular in a world where God is all and in all.

WHAT WILL HE TEACH?

By C. W. LEADBEATER

WE are often asked what the Boḍhisaṭṭva will teach when He comes, and how the world is likely to receive His message. The religion which He will preach cannot be new in its essence; it must be the old, old teaching, but He will put it in some new and beautiful form which will make it suitable to the needs of the present day. People often speak of religion as something which cannot need any new form. Our Christian brothers especially say that religion has been fully and finally stated.

"It is the Faith once for all delivered to the Saints," they cry. "How can you alter it? how can you add to it?"

The Faith no doubt may have been once for all delivered to the Saints, but we are not told anywhere that it was once for all fully understood by the Saints or by anybody else; and as mankind develops, as intellect grows greater and love grows wider and stronger, it is quite certain that we can understand more of the great truths than our forefathers were able to understand; otherwise human evolution would be a farce. We can understand more, we do understand more in daily life, we know more about nature and more about science than men did when the Lord Buḍḍha preached, or than they did in Judæa two thousand years ago. Therefore the religion which is to be a real and living faith in the hearts of men in the present day must take account of this wider knowledge, and must show that it enfolds it within itself—takes it as part of itself.

We must have no longer what we have had through many centuries—an opposition between science and religion, or at any rate, between science and the Church. That must never be so again, because men know in their hearts, and they cannot but know, that the scientific teaching represents an actual reality. Science makes its mistakes—has made them again and again, and has been persuaded to abandon them only with reluctance in many cases; but nevertheless its broad bases are true, and every one knows that, and consequently a religion which does not harmonise with scientific teaching stands to a large extent self-condemned in the minds of thinking men. It is not that religion does not perfectly harmonise with science; it

is itself the science of the higher worlds, the science of the spiritual; and since God is One, and His laws are the same on every plane, true religion must accord and does accord with everything that we see about us.

It does not follow that all *statements* of that religion will necessarily be in unison with scientific knowledge. The older statements often are not, and the reason is that those through whom they were made did not then know the scientific facts, and consequently the language in which they clothed the truth was often unscientific. They could but represent the truth as it appeared to them. Although in the various scriptures you have records of what the Great Teachers are reputed to have said, you must remember that in no case have you any writings of those Great Teachers. Neither the Buḍḍha nor the Christ wrote anything which is known to the public; we have only the reports, and in most cases reports prepared long after the time, of what They were supposed to have said, and those reports must always have been coloured by the knowledge of the writer.

The hearer understands a certain thing by what he hears, and when it is his turn to teach and to become the speaker, he reports, not what his Great Teacher said, but his own individual understanding of what that Great Speaker said, which may or may not represent Him accurately. In many cases it *cannot* represent Him accurately, from the obvious fact that the apostle is not greater than his Master, but less; that he will understand less of the depth of meaning than the Master, and consequently his representation is sure to fall somewhat short of perfection, and may in some cases be quite inadequate.

We see that for ourselves in ordinary life. If you are set to describe something which you do not fully understand, it is quite sure that your report of it will be inaccurate, in the sense that a technical student who does understand the subject can find flaws in your statement of it. It is the same here, and so those men who knew nothing of science, who were not endeavouring therefore to make their statement square with this science of whose existence they were unaware, often put it in a form in which it would not harmonise. Not that the original truth would not correspond perfectly; all truths are one, and they must agree with one another; but a partial statement is very likely to disagree. We cannot revise the truth—that is God's; but the statement, which is man's, we may revise. We may put the thing in a new dress which will be acceptable to the wider knowledge of the present day, and not do violence to it in any way, as the ignorant statement so often does.

It will not, then, be anything *new*. The teaching must be the grand old teaching which is the Eternal Verity, but it will be clothed in a new form; that much is certain.

What will happen when that Teacher comes? Let us hope that the many thousands of members of the Order of the Star in the East will have done something, at least, by that time to accustom the world to the idea of His coming. We, let us hope, shall recognise Him at once, because we shall all have been trying to some extent to prepare ourselves to know Him, by developing within ourselves those qualities which He mainly preaches. Therefore at least there will be many thousands of us scattered over the world who will

acknowledge Him; and there will assuredly be many others, whom by that time we shall have influenced, who will also be ready to own Him. Therefore a congregation, an audience, will be assured for Him. Remember also that, although we have been given to understand that He will visit all the civilised countries of the world, whether He does so or not, all that He says will be reported all over the civilised countries: it will appear in the newspapers; it will no doubt call forth much of criticism, much of argument, much of dissent. But all that will be an advertisement; all that will help to spread the knowledge of the new Great Teacher who has come.

How may we suppose that His own Churches, the result of His last effort to teach the world, will receive Him? I suppose that in every Church there will be some who will recognise Him, some whose intuition will tell them that this is He in whom they have believed, that this is He whom they expected. But certainly there will be a large number, perhaps a great majority in His Churches, who will *not* own Him, and for this reason: His teaching will come in a new and wider form. We know that it is characteristic of many of those Churches now that they cling to their own usually somewhat narrow statement of His older teaching. We know that in many cases they have abandoned His teaching altogether, and have set up instead of it a system which assuredly is not His, although it may be based upon a distortion of certain things which He is reputed to have said.

You may remember, if you read the Higher Criticism, how an accomplished writer on biblical subjects

once published a book called *Not Paul but Jesus*. He made the statement (and there is a great deal of truth in it) that the theology of the present day in the Christian Church is largely to be attributed to S. Paul, and most of it is not based upon the reputed sayings of Jesus Christ Himself. The sayings of Jesus Himself, as reported in the Gospels, are simple, direct, and clear, and bear no relation to the curious theological puzzles about which so much difference of opinion has arisen. One can quite imagine how He might come and say to His Churches:

"What is all this about which you are quarrelling? What has it to do with My teaching? Get to work and *do* the things that I told you last time, and then perhaps you may some day know something about all these other matters, about which you are so unnecessarily troubling yourselves."

His own directions are clear. Remember His account of what is called the Last Judgment. Remember how He calls the people up (and since He is to be the Judge on that occasion, one must presume that He knows something about the procedure), and asks them certain questions. What does He ask? We should expect from all we have ever heard, from what we have been taught in any Christian Church, that the first question at least would be: "Did you believe in Me?" And probably the second, "Did you attend Church regularly?"

The Christ unaccountably forgets to ask either of those questions, but simply says to the people: "Did you feed the hungry? Did you give drink to the thirsty? Did you clothe the naked? Did you visit those who are sick and in prison?"

That amounts to asking whether you behaved in a decent and brotherly fashion towards your fellow-men, and if you did, then you go straight off to the kingdom, without any question as to whether you believed *anything whatever*; and that is the direct teaching of the Head of the Christian Church Himself. It is a significant fact that according to this clear and unmistakable teaching of the Christ, any Hinḍū, any Muhammadan, any freethinker will go straight into heaven, if only he has lived a kindly life and done his duty to his neighbours. If you ask any Christian about this, he will probably shuffle, and say that of course Christ did not mean it, that He was taking for granted that they all believed in Him. However, there is His own plain statement: it seems curious that so little attention is paid to it.

So He might very reasonably call up some of these people and say:

"What are you quarrelling about in My Name? Is that what I told you? Do what I said; follow what I taught you, and not the commandments of men."

They will not like such a rebuke, because they have erected a vast scheme on the foundation of those commandments of men, and suddenly to be called back to first principles—to be told that all their tests of Church membership do not matter in the least, that it does not matter what anybody believes so long as he behaves as he should—will be startling. I think we can hardly expect that those Churches *en masse* and officially *can* accept Him; and so I imagine that many of them will reject Him. There is the prophecy that in the latter day there will be many false Christs, so they will have an opening to say: "This may be one of the

false Christs." Many others will take the general attitude of holding back. They will say: "If this thing be of God it will prevail, if not it will presently come to naught." We cannot blame them for being cautious where they have no compelling intuition; but there will certainly be a great number who will reject Him in His own name.

Those who have read the later Theosophical books will remember how the Manu, when He was trying to found a Root-Race, established a number of people in Arabia, and imbued them strongly with the idea that they must not intermarry with other races. Then later on He found the conditions unsuitable; He left them there and withdrew only a small number of them, and went and founded His new race elsewhere. After many centuries He with His men came back to Arabia, with the hope of persuading those (who already had so much in their traditions of what He wanted) to fall in with His plans. But they rejected Him in His own name.

"You cannot be the Manu," they said. "We have directions that we should not mix with other people. We are the chosen people, and you are trying to mislead us." I am afraid it is reasonably certain that in this matter history will repeat itself—that the same thing will happen with the Bodhisaṭṭva when He comes.

Yet there will be those who will know and receive Him, and it is our business to try to increase that number—to spread the good news of His coming as widely as possible, and to bring as many as we can into the condition in which they are open to His influence, and ready to hear the wondrous message that He brings. That coming is our gospel; let us see to it

that it is preached with assiduity. And as a first step let us fill our own lives with it; let us live in the spirit of that noble verse from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*:

Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy glory all transcendent,
In Thy beauty all resplendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing.
Coming! in the opening East
Herald brightness slowly swells;
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells?

C. W. Leadbeater

THE PROBLEM OF OUR ATTITUDE TOWARDS PHYSICAL LIFE

By M. A. KELLNER

THE present War is an event such as the world has never known, a convulsion of the social frame of so overwhelming a magnitude that no part of existing society can possibly remain unaffected. Everything to which we are accustomed seems slipping away, and to keep pace with the changes around us, many of our thoughts, feelings, opinions, have to be readjusted—we are in the midst of a mental, as well as a physical upheaval.

There is a special reason why this upheaval should be greater and more productive of difficulties for Theosophists than for some others. The Theosophist is taught to draw a sharp line of distinction between the interior and the exterior life. The interior life at which we aim is a very exalted one, and because of its exaltation, very far removed from ordinary life in the world to-day. But life in the world at the present moment is far from ordinary. It is altogether abnormal, and abnormal in the direction of emphasising and intensifying all the stronger and lower passions. Men at the present moment are lower, and also higher, than in normal times. It is a time of sharp contrast, of startling

extremes. The ordinary tenor of life is broken, not only on the physical plane, but also on the emotional and mental planes, where everything has become intensified. The emotional plane is now a seething mass of fierce, unbridled emotions—deadly hate, murder, treachery, the lust of killing, all the lowest, most animal and least human emotions of which man is capable. And side by side with these, we see correspondingly intensified virtues—heroism, public spirit, magnificent courage, willing sacrifice of comfort, money, prosperity, of life itself, to the general good. Heroism to-day is becoming a commonplace, and the heart swells with wonder and pride to learn the number of heroes there are in the world. We thought them ordinary, commonplace men and, but for this War, should have thought them so to the end, but we were wrong. When the need arises, they calmly throw aside the disguise and show us their true selves.

In the present state of things, these two elements, the high and the low, cannot be dissociated; they must exist side by side. We cannot take the one and leave the other. Here comes the Theosophist's special difficulty. How is he, with that exalted inner life of his in view, to live in the world as it is to-day? How is he to keep himself unaffected by the violent and undesirable emotions raging around him? What precise attitude is he to take with regard to the virtues; for though sufficiently accustomed to admire courage, self-sacrifice, heroism in the abstract, here these virtues are wholly directed to a physical, and what must be admitted to be a highly untheosophic end, namely, the overthrow and destruction of other human beings whom he is taught to regard as brothers.

The question of establishing a right balance between the inner and the outer lives is always difficult, but at the present time it has become far more so, for while the two lives have become more hopelessly incompatible than ever, it has surely become glaringly unjustifiable for any man to withdraw himself from things mundane, and, wrapt in preoccupied indifference, to devote himself wholly to the contemplation of transcendental glories and the cultivation of virtues in his own soul. Whatever one may do normally, surely now a man must feel that he cannot remain aloof, but is bound, being man, to range himself with his fellows and play *some* part in the great events of the world's life.

It is this contrast which makes the Theosophist's position so difficult. His familiarity with the idea of an inner life of perfect calm, of utter selflessness, makes it infinitely harder for him to choose his line of action in the present crisis. How can he who believes in the brotherhood of all men, in the supremacy of the law of love, and who, glorying in sacrifice, thinks little of success—how can such a man make a good soldier or a patriotic Englishman? How can he throw his whole soul into killing and maiming as many Germans as possible, when an inner voice constantly persists in reminding him that the Germans, like ourselves, are children of the All-Father and, even as we, are but human beings wending their appointed way slowly, blindly, painfully, towards perfection?

The answer to this problem is a difficult one—hard to grasp intellectually, and harder—infinitely harder—to carry out in practice. The problem is simply that of the right relation between esoteric and exoteric life; a

problem which is always with us, but is presented to us now in an acute and accentuated form. And because it is always with us, as well as because of the importance of the present crisis, it is worth any effort we can make to find a clear and definite answer, for without this we shall never be able to see clearly what line we ought to adopt, and having chosen, to pursue it consistently and without fear. Mental confusion on this point leads, at the present time, to such mistakes as trying to send out thoughts of peace and love to soldiers at the front. This, surely, is manifestly useless and even undesirable. Indeed, its safety lies in its complete futility. No ordinary man, if filled with thoughts of peace and love towards the enemy, could possibly fight as we should wish our soldiers to fight, and as we are proud to know that they are doing. To do what many of them have done requires, it is to be feared, a great deal of very untheosophic emotion in a man's mind with regard to the Germans, and if we really succeeded in filling a certain number with thoughts of peace and love, we should simply make very poor soldiers of them. This cannot be desirable. Whatever we do, let us do it thoroughly. Let all the hesitation and half-heartedness be got over before we start upon any line of action: once started, let us pursue our course, whatever it may be, with vigour and determination.

It is an ancient stumbling-block, the unsuitability of Christ's injunctions to everyday life. We hear various explanations and evasions, but there is no getting over the fact that anyone who follows them literally would come to grief with regard to everyday life. If sufficiently far advanced, they would not mind this;

in fact, when the consciousness is centred in the inner life, the apparent failure is accompanied by the feelings of success; the martyr who died by Nero's command enjoyed a sense of triumph such as the Emperor had never known. But if people are not sufficiently developed, if the consciousness is centred largely in physical life, then there is no possibility of this joy; the failure seems complete, the calamity final. Naturally to such people, to follow these commands seems sheer lunacy—and from their point of view they are right. Hence it is impossible to persuade them to take the Sermon on the Mount as a practical guide for conduct.

So far all is simple: there are two lives, the exoteric and the esoteric, each with its own laws and conditions, which, being entirely different, and often antagonistic, present a wholly different code of rules for the attainment of success. If we could leave it at that, we could simply choose for which life we were going to live, and having chosen, we should know by which code to regulate our conduct.

But there is one important fact which we must not forget, and which entirely robs the problem of this delightful simplicity. The fact is this: that this earthly life is the instrument and means whereby we progress spiritually. Therefore if, being drawn to higher things, we should renounce the outer life and turn to the inner, determined to live for that wholly and alone, we should, in reality, be renouncing the machinery by means of which the product we desire is manufactured. All that has been said about the non-reality, the unimportance, the illusion and transitoriness of everyday life is true; and yet the Great Wisdom has ordained

that by means of that non-reality, that passing illusion, we are to develop that which is real and lasting.

Here, then, is the problem by which we are faced: if we live for the outer life, throw ourselves, our energies, into that, we shall almost certainly lose sight of, and taste for, the inner, for the still, small voices of the unseen world are all too easily drowned by the clamour of earth. If, on the other hand, choosing to live for the inner life alone, we shut ourselves away from the turmoil of exoteric life, then a fate not far removed from stagnation—at best very partial and restricted progress—awaits us, for we have cut ourselves off from the instrument by which alone we can attain our end. What, then, are we to do?

There is only one answer to the riddle. We must choose, not one of the two lives, but both. We must live in the world—live vigorously, strenuously—and at the same time keep a part of ourselves aloof, so that with even greater vigour we may pursue the life within. A common illustration of the requisite attitude frequently presents itself; it is exactly that of a well-bred person playing a game. The man of breeding will throw himself heartily into whatever form of sport may occupy him, he will give it his whole attention for the moment, he will do his best to win, otherwise he would spoil the pleasure of all concerned; but he will never allow the fortunes of the game to affect in the slightest his equanimity; he will win or lose with equal good temper, and he would consider himself disgraced were he to allow any sign of annoyance to escape him however much fortune, or superior skill, might favour his opponent.

That is precisely the attitude to be desired with regard to everyday life. We must live it vigorously;

we must throw ourselves into it, play our part to the full, accept—nay, go forth to seek—its manifold experiences. But all the time we must preserve a consciousness within, that however poignant or overwhelming our experiences, none of them really matter. However wild and devastating the tempest to-day, all will be calm to-morrow—all *is* calm, even now, at the heart of things.

We must learn to watch the process of manufacture of our souls much as the clay, if endowed with consciousness, might watch its moulding in the hands of the potter. Everything that happens to us in daily life leaves its mark, and it is our business to see that the mark made is the right one. We should welcome experiences, for a crowded life may mean rapid progress, but we must keep our minds fixed on the subjective, net result of each event, not on the event itself, for that net result is the only thing that matters. For instance, suppose a bank fails and we lose some money. Habit and convention have taught us to think that the possession of money is essentially a good thing, and its loss, therefore, a calamity. This, of course, is a mistake, or rather, a distortion of the truth. Even from a purely selfish point of view, the one thing that matters to us is happiness. In so far as money tends to bring happiness, it is to be desired; and although it is a truism among moralists to say that money does not represent happiness, we have all of us yet to learn how intensely, vitally true that saying is. After a time, when we have grown accustomed to the changed circumstances which the loss of the money entailed, we may realise, with much surprise, that we are really no less happy than we were before; but the chances are that instead of

being wiser next time a calamity befalls us, we shall be equally downcast, or equally overwhelmed. This appears all the more foolish when we remember that in the nature of things the calamity, even if it actually were one, will pass and be forgotten, whereas its effect upon our character, whether for good or ill, will remain for ever, in the sense that we shall never be exactly as we should have been had that mark never been made.

Events, as well as individuals, have their "souls," their inner significance and import, and it is to the souls, rather than to the bodies, that we should accustom ourselves to attach importance. When the bank fails and you lose your fortune, the "body" of the event is your deprivation, henceforward, of a certain amount of material wealth, which will prevent you from buying certain material things you would otherwise have bought. The "soul" of the event is the abstract loss—your concept of what has happened, which, by its subjective effect on your mental state, alone has power to affect what really matters, your character and your happiness. As a rule, we fix our attention on the "body" of events, altogether overlooking the fact that there is, or can be, a separate "soul," and further failing to realise that, though we may not be able to control exoteric events, and prevent the arrival of misfortunes, yet it is within our power to ensure that all happenings shall be blessings as regards their "souls".

If we think only of the "body"—the loss, or whatever it may be—and forget that to lose some things may be no real disadvantage, then, in failing to see that the event has a soul, we miss the subjective effect which it

was designed to have, and the mental and spiritual parts of our being, robbed of their intended blessing, share in the depression attendant upon a material loss, and the event becomes an actual, instead of only an apparent misfortune. Had we, on the other hand, forced ourselves to discriminate between the outer event which did not matter, and the inner effect which did, and, fixing our attention on the latter, had realised clearly that, to the inner man, the loss of a thing was as much, if not more, productive of good as its acquisition, that here was a blessing knocking at our door if we would have it so; then, in a wonderful way—wonderful to those who are not used to the experience—the "loss" would have been entirely swallowed up in the gain, and in looking back afterwards, we should never feel any inclination to regard the failure of the bank as a calamity.

Could we but see clearly what is actually in the balance on either side, we should be amazed at our previous blindness; for what have we to put in the two scales? In the one is a certain material loss, a necessity to do without certain things—it may be also certain pleasures—which we should otherwise have had. In the other scale is the possibility of remaining cheerful in spite of an inclination to do otherwise, of rising superior to outside circumstances, in short, of acquiring the power to find happiness within ourselves, rather than in external and material things, this eventually rendering us completely independent of, and indifferent to, whatever may betide in physical life. Now, since we shall all admit that, from the most selfish standpoint, happiness is the only thing that matters, which is better, to depend for this one desired object on

circumstances which are at least as often hostile as friendly, or, by deriving happiness from within ourselves, to remain absolutely assured of possessing it, whatever may betide? There can be no two replies to the question, put thus. It is the philosophic discovery that the man who desires no material thing is richer than he who, having many desires, possesses also the means to gratify them.

Of course, the difficulties appear when we come to put the theory into practice, otherwise we should all be possessed of a perfect and unassailable beatitude. But the thing can be done—and chiefly by habitually fixing the attention, as previously said, on the soul of events, rather than the body. This habit established, in a short time, the occurrence of any of the small misfortunes or annoyances of life will act as a tonic, a spur, a call to our stock of energy, and in the mere overcoming of the natural feelings of vexation or depression, we shall take the same pleasure that a healthy body feels in physical effort; and in the enjoyment of this bracing sense of moral exercise, we shall quite forget that, by all our former standards, the event was a misfortune.

The moment the annoying or distressing thing happens, let us say to ourselves: "Am I being annoyed or depressed by it? If I am, I am failing; if I am not, I am succeeding, and have a right to feel pleased with myself. This is not an annoying thing really, it is simply a test to see how far I have progressed, and a means of practising what I have learnt. If I did not have occasions for practice, I should never improve, therefore I myself *wish* to have them, since I want to make progress, and I recognise this event as an opportunity, not as a misfortune." If we did this persistently

for a time, before long we should really begin to feel rather pleased when anything annoying happened, paradoxical as this may sound.

This is one of the supreme facts of life, and it contains within itself the solution of our problem, how we are to bear ourselves in everyday life. If we have learnt to live in the world, to face whatever daily life may bring, whether good or bad, able always to fix our attention on the inner, subjective aspect of the event, rather than on its material, outer aspect, then, as we have seen, "misfortunes," "calamities," are over for us; henceforward every event, great or small, good or bad, fortunate or unfortunate, according to the world's reckoning, will be for us but an instrument for progress and increased happiness, an occasion, an invitation, to take another step up, and hence a priceless opportunity, and the supremest blessing we can desire.

Indeed, when we have reached this point, it would seem probable that we are approaching proficiency in the art of living and, it may be, nearing the end of our course; but since we are most of us as yet only beginners, it is the elementary steps which claim our attention, and which we should do well to study further.

This method of living is the link between the two lives which are apt to appear so incompatible. We have seen that it is necessary for us to live fully and energetically in both the outer and the inner lives; that we cannot cut ourselves off from either without hindering, if not altogether arresting, our progress; and if, as Theosophists, we have chosen first as indispensable the inner and higher life of the Spirit, we want to know how we should also live vigorously in the life of the world, and especially how we should bear ourselves in

the present difficult time, when worldly life seems to demand of us total contradiction of all our ideals and aspirations.

The problem of how to live both lives at once is solved by the acquirement of this power of fixing the attention on the soul of events, and regarding everything that happens, good as well as bad, as a means of education and progress. When we are able to do that, we shall find, as a secondary result, that when we come to voluntary actions, we are able to perform them without feeling the appropriate emotions. We have grown into so impersonal a habit of mind, as regards our lower selves, that, while directing their actions, we do not experience the feelings which formerly would have prompted and accompanied those actions. Since our conduct is now determined from a standpoint quite outside worldly life, since our motives are now above and wholly unconnected therewith, in a similar way is the result of actions (so far as our feelings are concerned) dissociated. To take an example. Ordinarily, when a man kills another, he is led to do so by feelings of hate, anger, revenge, or some such motive, and while committing the deed, his whole being is dominated by these emotions. But if a man should kill another from some impersonal motive—because, for instance, he knows it to be necessary for the future safety of others and not from any personal feeling whatever—then he may escape entirely all the attendant violent emotions; he may even experience nothing but pity and regret from beginning to end of the proceeding. Clearly the result on the characters of the two men—both of whom are murderers in the eye of the law—will be wholly different. Whereas one has committed a terrible crime

for which he cannot but suffer terribly, the other may have performed an act of heroism and self-sacrifice from which nothing but good will result to himself.

Here we have an illustration of the way in which the method of living recommended above has the power to alter entirely the values of actions in the physical world: it makes it possible for us to do things, if we should find it necessary, not only without detriment to our highest welfare, but in actual furtherance of this welfare, which formerly would have seemed to us wholly incompatible with our ideals and professions. In short—it enables us to live energetically in earthly life, while still pursuing with all the strength that is in us the inner life of the Spirit.

This, it may be objected, is simply saying that, in the appraisement of any action, it is the motive alone which counts; a fact generally admitted, which might have been stated simply and at once, without so elaborate a prologue. Every one agrees that a good man may do an apparently bad action from a motive which will free him from all blame. That is perfectly true, but the prologue nevertheless has its justification. The good man, performing the numberless small acts of daily life will not, by reason of his goodness alone, be able to keep his motive always pure and himself free from the emotions naturally aroused by his actions: and when it is a question of events which come to him from outside and in which his part is primarily passive, there will be no question of motive, and he will see no better course than to strive after resignation, which is very far from being all that is wanted. If, by cultivating a correct attitude towards the events which

come to us, we acquire the habit of detachment, the custom of dwelling on the soul rather than the body of the occurrence, we shall go much further than resignation towards the misfortunes of life, and when we are called on to take an active, rather than a passive, part, we shall further find that we have acquired the power previously referred to, of performing actions without experiencing any of the appropriate feelings.

Is this, then, not a solution of our original problem? We wanted to know how it was possible for a Theosophist to conduct himself at the present time, when war and hatred and violence have convulsed society, and when many things which he has always been taught to regard as vices have now become virtues, without, on the one hand, withdrawing into selfish and callous isolation, or on the other, playing traitor to all the best that is in him.

If what has been said above be accepted, we shall see that it is possible for him to do things in outer life completely at variance with the whole trend of his inner life, and yet progress thereby in his spiritual development; provided only some adequate motive exists for the apparently retrograde action. Is there, then, any such motive at the present time? Or, to put the question in a practical form, is there now any sufficient reason why a Theosophist, who has always been taught to regard all men as brethren, and to cultivate the virtues of charity, tolerance, self-effacement and non-resistance, and above all to respect the sanctity of human life, should now take up arms and devote himself to the task of killing as many Germans as he can possibly compass?

The writer would reply in the affirmative, and would submit that there is a reason why such a course should be justifiable.

Every kingdom of life, every stage of development, has its own proper code of conduct, its own standards of right and wrong. That which is blameless and right for the tiger becomes wrong for man, and in the same way, what is right and permissible for man, becomes wrong for super-man. As we ascend, constantly there appear before us new and ever higher ideals. Our inner life is leading us up the steps to a goal above ordinary humanity, and therefore, in that inner life, the ideal of those beyond humanity prevails. But this inner life, with its lofty ideal, being a step beyond the stage which average humanity has yet reached, consequently embodies a standard of conduct not yet accepted by the ordinary man as the one to be aimed at. As individuals, this need not affect us—we are at perfect liberty to regulate our lives, if we please, by a code other than that of the people round us: but as members of a nation, this is not so. In that capacity we must be prepared to submit to the code appropriate to, and accepted by, the State at large, and this code will be, not that of the lowest in point of development, nor of the highest among private individuals, but a mean between the two. This is that mysterious thing to which we give the name "public opinion"—mysterious, because it never seems to constitute the opinion of the people present at the moment, and yet proves its foundation in reality by the overwhelming force which is undeniably behind it.

That it is fatal for us, as members of a State or nation, to attempt to hold to our own private ideals of

right conduct, will be easily seen when we reflect that a nation or State is, or should be, in reality a single entity composed of the separate individuals belonging to it, just as the individual cells constitute in their totality the human body. But the harmonious adaptation of varied activities to one common end is the essential idea of a "body" as distinguished from a collection of independent units; hence it follows that it is the primary duty of every unit (in its capacity as part of a whole) to see that it contributes to this harmonious working, and subscribes to this common end.

As members of a nation, then, duty requires that we should rule our actions by the nation's standard of conduct and not by any private standard of our own, even though this latter may be higher than the former, and consequently duty requires us to do things on our country's behalf which we should never do on our own. Indeed, paradoxical as it may seem, our own private, lofty standard demands of us, in this special capacity, action in accordance with a lower one, because otherwise, though we might be good individuals, we should be bad Englishmen, and we have to strive after perfection in *all* the relations in which we find ourselves.

There is, then, nothing necessarily incongruous in a good Theosophist doing things incompatible with good Theosophy; but how is such a one to know what to do and how far to go in actual practice? He must bear in mind the principle that his aim as an Englishman is to act up to the best national standard of right and wrong. In detail this may be a little difficult to define, but broadly we need be in no uncertainty. To give a few examples. Our national code most assuredly declares that it is right to fight, right to kill,

wound, outwit your enemy by any lawful means, in defence of your country, your loved ones and your life. It declares that in such a crisis as the present it is wrong to hold back, wrong not to do everything one can, in some way or other, to help forward the cause, at whatever sacrifice of private advantage. But while advocating no hesitancy and half measures in the making of war, there are things which this national code absolutely forbids. You may kill your enemy, it says, but you must not torture him; you may outwit him, but you must not tell him a direct lie (as by abusing the white flag); as soon as he is wounded, he is an object for pity and an enemy no longer; you may kill as many men as you like, provided they are soldiers; but non-combatants, women and children are sacred, and to harm them intentionally is an unspeakable disgrace.

These, and a thousand more dictates of our national code show, if placed beside some other codes, or our own of long ago, that even as a race we have made considerable progress on the upward path. The standard has risen, and will continue to rise higher and higher. Let us be thankful for that, and in the meantime realise that we must not expect, or even aim at, perfection too soon. This is true even in our individual lives. Although we cannot be too much in earnest in the pursuit of our ideal, we *can* be too rigid, and hurry on a little too fast. Even here, existing conditions require to be taken into account, and they will, or ought, at times to act as a brake on our ardour for rapid progress, as, for instance, in the matter of vegetarianism. When once convinced on intellectual or moral grounds that vegetarianism is desirable, we are

apt to plunge headlong into a revolutionised diet, in many cases ignoring the fact that our bodies are not quite as far advanced as the rest of us, and require a little consideration and leniency. Any injury to physical health by the adoption or practice of vegetarianism, while commanding our admiration in one direction, indicates, nevertheless, a failure to take into account existing conditions, and an undue haste and rigidity in our efforts after progress.

If this is possible in our efforts to reach our individual goal, how much more so is it possible in the pursuit of national ideals, which are admittedly lower. If we aim too high—if, for example, we go about at the present time preaching universal peace and brotherhood, and expatiating on the wickedness of taking human life —we shall achieve no result other than to put ourselves entirely out of touch with our hearers and to arouse their antagonism or contempt.

A little thought should prevent our making such a mistake. For the ordinary man to wish and work for peace at the present moment would be wrong, not right. It is those who go out to fight, not those who, when they might go, stay at home, that command the nation's respect and admiration. Never for one instant do these men doubt that they are doing their duty—how, indeed, can anyone doubt? Does anyone, Theosophist or other, make immense personal sacrifices and voluntarily face discomfort, hardship, death and worse than death, for the pleasure of it? What more conclusive proof could these men give, that at present the national code of ethics does declare that at such times as these fighting is right, justifiable and a sacred duty?

Let us then see to it that we do not commit the terrible mistake of blaming people for acting nobly and with magnificent heroism in pursuit of their ideals, simply because, looked at from another point of view, which we, perhaps have reached, but they have not, there is a still higher ideal for which to strive. Let us rather, in our public capacity, be proud to take our place beside them, realising that for the time being we are accepting a lower standard of conduct, but realising also that the one thing more important than the elevation of our ideal, is the spirit in which we strive to attain it. That which a man sees as good, is good for him, however shortsighted he may appear to another; and it is infinitely greater to strive earnestly toward a low ideal, than half-heartedly towards a high one.

We must be prepared then, as English men and women, to do things at this time which are totally at variance with our private standard of right: we are to accept the common standard, but let us not think that because this is lower than our own, all will therefore be easy. Very far from it. If it is difficulty we want—something hard of achievement—we shall not be disappointed. For this is the task before us: to act according to the common standard, while refusing to feel as the ordinary man feels. We must perform actions tending, by their nature, to arouse the most violent emotions of which mankind is capable, without experiencing these emotions; we must oppose without dislike, we must fight without hatred, we must kill without feeling one shade of animosity. Few of us, even the most advanced, could do this with ease or complete success.

We come back here to that lesson which, as Theosophists, we should have learned, and which

constitutes our right attitude towards ordinary daily life: the power of inner detachment, the habit of fixing our attention on the soul rather than the body of events, the ability to realise clearly that the one thing that matters is the subjective effect of occurrences—our attitude towards them—and since this is a matter within our control, it is henceforward of entire unimportance what may befall us, or what actions circumstances may demand of us, for all may equally be transmuted into the pure gold of spiritual progress, by which not we only, but the world in which we live and all with whom we come in contact, shall infallibly be benefited.

M. A. Kellner

IN KYNANCE COVE

(SPRING)

By Eva M. Martin

At Kynance when the wind and tide were high
I climbed down to a narrow, grassy ledge
That overhung deep water, milky green
In the swirling hollows, and like emerald glass
Where the proud billows arched their shining necks.
Between the cliff and one huge island-rock
The tide surged strongly, and two currents met,
So that the waves were locked continually
In close embraces, while the impetuous wind
Blew their wild, radiant manes of snowy hair
Backward along their shoulders like thin smoke.
Above, the white gulls floated tranquilly
Across the rain-washed sky of early spring,
And the bright-flaming gorse on every side
Breathed forth its almond scent upon the air:
Below, the impassioned waves flung up wild arms
And met and clasped and parted in a whirl
Of foam and song and rainbow-tinted spray.
There, as I leaned above the unresting sea,
I saw a figure lying in a curve
Of emerald water. From a flower-pale face
Two lambent eyes, green as the wave, held mine
In a long look, while a melodious voice,
Clear as the limpid ripple of running streams,
Floated upon the wind despairingly. . . . . .

"Long I dwelt in a moorland pool,
Deep, deep and cool,
Under the brow of a purple hill,
Where the cloud-shadows fly
O'er the earth, and the sky
Is high . . . . and still.
Where the winds are free,
And the golden gorse

Floats like a golden sea,
From a hidden source
A stream arises.
Full of sudden, sweet surprises
It takes its course
'Mid rocks and ferns,
With headlong leaps and silent turns,
Far from that foamless pool of dreams—
Mother of streams.
And the stars, who mirror their heavenly faces
In the still water through the night,
Crossing the sky in their ordered places,
Lured me away to find the bright
Sea of green and tossing waves,
And the mermaid-haunted caves
Where the lucent sea-weeds grow,
Paved with silver sand below.
On and on one travelling star
Led me o'er the moorlands far,
Down the splashing waterfalls,
Past the green, fern-covered walls,
Through the primrose-lighted woods
Where a holy silence broods,
'Mid the rocks, across the sands—
Till a wave stretched forth her hands,
Caught me, clasped me, held me fast,
Drew me out to sea at last. . . . .
Now my heart is cold as foam,
Longing for my moorland home.
Spirits of the sea, your flight
Is too fierce and wild and white
For a moorland water-sprite. . . . .
Fled, fled is my delight!"

I gazed into her luminous green eyes,
And fain was I to leap to her, to clasp
Her snow-white form and bear her swiftly back
To that far, silent pool upon the moors
Where the stars washed their faces in the dusk.
But lo, the wave on which she floated met
Another wave, and the two leapt in air,
And kissed and clasped and parted, in a whirl
Of foam and song and rainbow-tinted spray.
She sank into the opalescent depths. . . .
I saw her face no more. . . but o'er the spot
Where the waves met, a white-winged sea-bird hung,
And rose, and soared in circles overhead,
While the sun gleamed through its wide-beating wings.
With strange, mysterious cries it rose, and then,

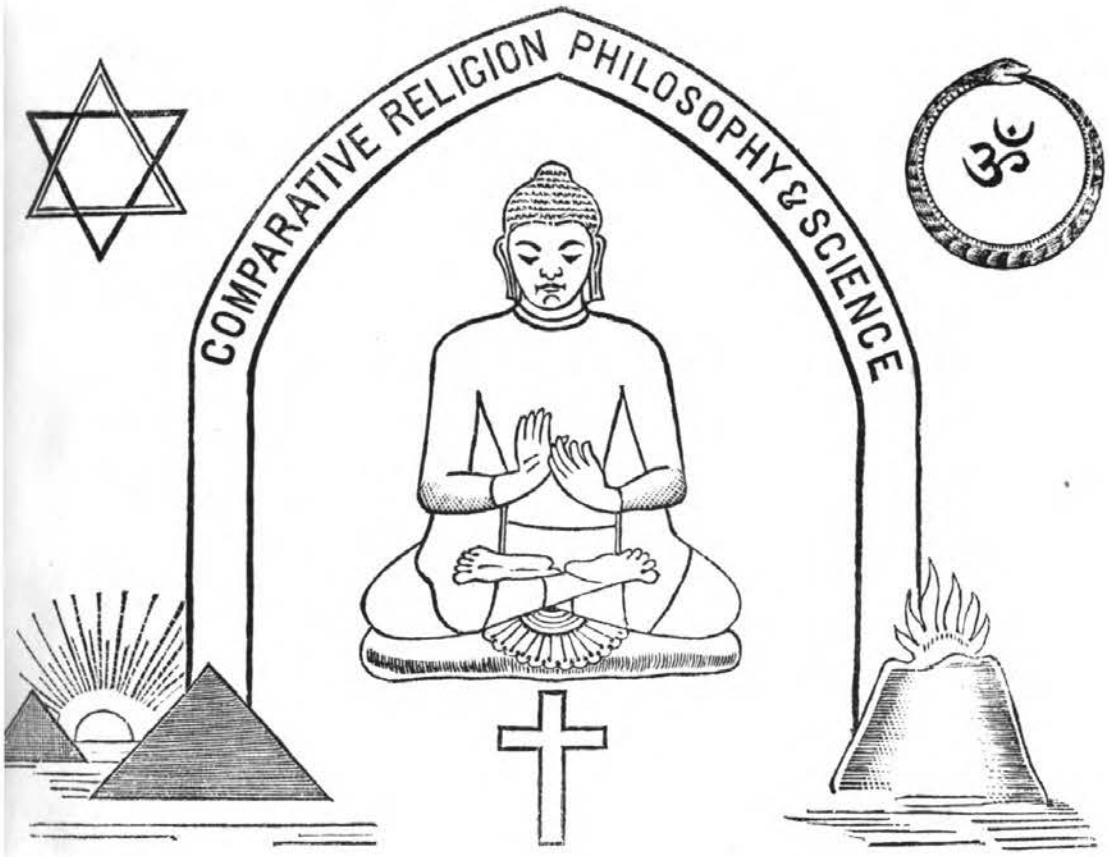
Uplifted by the wind, flew out to sea,
Far out to sea, a wonder and a joy.

* * * * *

Even so are we frail human spirits caught
In the wild clash of the world-forces, while
Our hopes and thoughts and dreams are dashed to spray,
Shining an instant only in the sun.
Even so the star of life doth lure us forth
From many a tranquil haven of repose,
Down through the sunlit moors and shadowy woods,
Across the sands of birth, into that sea
We call the world, where meet in tireless war,
The eternal elements of life and death.
There are we tossed and carried to and fro,
In passionate unrest, till all the waves
Of the world meet o'er our heads, and we must sink,
In fathomless depths of unknown mystery. . . . . .

Yet there shall rise from out the swirling gulf
A foam-white bird, with strong and vibrant wings,
To circle the illimitable sky,
And ride upon the wind far out to sea. . . . .
Far out to sea, a wonder and a joy.

Eva M. Martin



ABDUR RAZZAK

By V. RANGACHARI, M.A.

(*Concluded from* p. 166.)

THE time came when Razzak was in serious danger of his position, if not life, in the court, in consequence of the machinations of certain people from Hormuz who were residing in the country. These circulated a rumour that Razzak was an impostor, that he was

not the accredited representative of His Majesty, the Khakan-i-said, but a mere merchant with the diploma of his master. The nobles and ministers came to be influenced by it and Hambah[1] Nurir, a low vile man who officiated as Danaik, during the absence of the permanent Danaik in a campaign against Kulberga, believed in this representation and stopped the daily allowance hitherto assigned to the ambassador. Not satisfied with this the Hormuzians, with that characteristic "devilry which formed the leaven of their disposition," spread "several other lies in the hearing of the infidels," and they produced such an impression upon them that for some time the author was, to use his own language, reduced to a state of misery and uncertainty "in the middle of this unholy country". And from this anxiety it was the Emperor that saved him. Incapable of small feeling, he never gave way to resentment; on the other hand, when he met him several times on the road, he treated him with much graciousness, asked how he was going on, and did not object to the assignment of a daily allowance of seven thousand fanams on the old Danaik's return. Their King was indeed not uninfluenced by the whispers of calumny; for when in December, 1443, he dismissed Razzak and sent two ambassadors—Khwaja Mahsud and Khwaja Muhammad of Khorasan—to Mirza Shah Rukh, he told him plainly that it had been represented that he was not really the envoy of his sovereign, that otherwise he would have paid him greater respect:

> If you should come again into this country, and I should ascertain that you are really sent on a mission by His Majesty,

[1] Major adds that he was a *Christian*. He also gives his name as Nimah Pezir. But Elliot points out that *Hambah Nurir* is the right name. Again, unlike Major, he says that Hambah was "a temporary substitute". Does the word *Christian* occur in the original MSS.?

I shall pay you such attention as becomes the dignity of my Empire.

In a similar vein he wrote to the Shah himself:

It was our intention to commend myself to His sacred Majesty by royal presents and gifts, but certain parties represented that Abdur Razzak is not His Majesty's servant.

It is to the remarkable credit of the Emperor that, in the face of this suspicion, he was so generous, kind and hospitable to the stranger; and it is not surprising that the latter naïvely and curtly remarks: "In very truth, he possessed excellent qualities."

Abdur Razzak does not give us much information about the system of government which obtained in the country. All he says is that "one might seek in vain throughout the whole of Hindustan to find a more absolute *rai*, for the monarchs of this country bear the title of *rai*". One administrative officer alone he mentions, the Danaik or Vizier. He had his office in the Dewan Khana, where he heard people's affairs and heard their petitions. There was no appeal from his decisions. Every day after the conclusion of business he was to make a report of the affairs to the King. The Danaik was also a military officer; for Abdur Razzak mentions two occasions on which he went abroad on military expeditions, one against Kulberga and the other against Ceylon. The Danaik of Deva Raya was, says Razzak, a very able and trustworthy eunuch, in whose valour, fidelity and capacity the King had absolute confidence. This is illustrated by a tragic incident which Razzak describes in detail, which took place during his stay in Calicut and which gives us a clue as to the insecurity of the imperial crown. The King's brother who had just constructed a house for himself invited thither the monarch and the principal magnates.

Now it is an established usage of the infidels never to eat in presence of each other. The men who were invited were assembled together in one grand hall. At short intervals the prince either came in person or sent some messenger to say that such or such great personage should come and eat his part of the banquet. Care had been taken to bring all the drums, kettledrums, trumpets and flutes that could be found in the city, and these instruments playing all at the same time, made a tremendous uproar. As soon as the individual who had been sent for entered the above-mentioned house, two assassins, placed in ambush, sprang out upon him, pierced him with a poignard and cut him in pieces.

They removed the fragments of his body and then sent for another guest; and no sooner did he enter the hall than he found himself sacrificed. The noise of drums and the clamour of festivities prevented the cries and denunciations of the unfortunate victims from being heard, and the grim carnage therefore went on unrecognised and undisturbed. In this manner all those who had any name or rank in the state were removed. The bloodthirsty monster then enticed the guards of the palace and despatched them. The palace was now defenceless and the villain was able to enter into the King's presence. With a dish covered with betel-nuts in which a brilliant poignard lay concealed, he approached the unsuspecting monarch and invited him to his house. The King instinctively did not want to go, and pleaded ill-health. The unnatural brother now gave up his secrecy and gave vent to his design. He drew his poignard, struck the King, and practically left him dead, entrusting one of his confidants to complete the sanguinary task by cutting off his head. The murderer then ascended the portico of the palace and delivered an address to the people in which he spoke of his slaughter of the King, his brothers, his nobles, his Brahmanas and his Viziers, and of *his* sole right to claim and receive their allegiance. In the meanwhile

the King, who had not lost his life, recovered his senses, killed his brother's emissary with the aid of a single guard who had accidentally happened to witness the horrible transaction, and emerging out of the palace to the scene of his brother's harangue, instantly proclaimed his existence and his safety and ordered the seizure of the wretch. The furious crowd immediately responded to the royal mandate. They fell on the traitor and tore him to pieces. From amidst this tragedy only one had escaped, and that person was the Danaik. An expedition to Ceylon had sent him out of the country and therefore out of danger; and now when the King recovered from the shock of the huge outrage committed on him, his very first act was to send an urgent courier to the Vizier, asking him to return forthwith and informing him of the events that had transpired in his absence. The advent of the Danaik was the sign of a speedy punishment of those who had been involved in the conspiracy. They were "either flayed alive or burnt to death, or destroyed in some other fashion and their families were altogether exterminated". One of the other fashions referred to is the trampling by an elephant, so that the criminal would be crushed to death. The Danaik was, says Razzak, a firm friend of his and treated him in a noble and generous manner. This generosity shone by contrast when his temporary successor, Hambah Nurir, a man who was "diminutive in stature, malignant, low-born, vile, savage and reprobate" listened to the enemies of Abdur Razzak, and withdrew the allowance hitherto granted to him.

It is unfortunate that Razzak gives no more information about the actual administration of the country

or the duties and functions of its great officers. All that he enlightens us on is the police system of the city and the administration of the mint. Regarding the city police he points out that, to the office of the Prefect which lay opposite to the Mint there were attached twelve thousand policemen. Their daily pay amounted to twelve thousand fanams, and the whole of this amount was obtained from the proceeds of the brothels of the city. The brothels were in a definite quarter of the city, and the business of collecting the revenues was not difficult. Razzak describes it as situated behind the Mint, and as a fine, well-built street, three hundred yards long and twenty broad, lined by mansions in front of which were fore-courts and platforms on which figures of lions, panthers, tigers and other animals were "so well painted as to seem alive". At the doors of the houses, on chairs and settees, were seated, after the midday prayers, the courtesans themselves, in all their finery and their charms, attended by one or two slave-girls, experts in the art of "blandishments and ogles" beyond description. The business of the policemen who were maintained out of the revenues from these pleasure-houses, was

> to acquaint themselves with all the events and accidents that happen within the seven walls, and to recover anything that is lost or that may be abstracted by theft; otherwise they are fined. Thus, certain slaves which my companion had brought took to flight, and when the circumstance was reported to the prefect, he ordered the watchmen of that quarter where the poorest people dwelt to produce them or pay the penalty; which last they did, on ascertaining the amount.

The worthy writer does not tell us whether this urban police system was a feature in every city of the empire or whether its existence was a feature of the

capital only; but we may perhaps believe that it was a common institution in every well-populated town or city.

Regarding the Mint and its activities, Abdur Razzak tells us that it discharged the duties both of coining and of the State Treasury. The Mint and the Treasury offices, in other words, were combined. Razzak mentions three gold coins, one silver and one copper as current in the Empire. The gold coins were the varaha, the partab or half-varaha, and the fanam which was one-tenth of the partab. The silver coin, or the tar, as it was called, was one-sixth of a fanam in value, while the copper jital was, it is curious to note, a higher coin, equal to one-third of the fanam. As the Treasury Office, it received the revenues and disbursed them.

> The usage of the country is that, at a stated period, every one throughout the Empire carries to the mint the revenue (*zar*) which is due from him, and whoever has money due to him from the Exchequer received an order upon the mint. The Sipahis receive their pay every four months, and no one has an assignment granted to him upon the revenues of the provinces.

Of the sources of revenue, Abdur Razzak does not speak. All his information in this respect is a statement which he incidentally makes in the course of his description of Vijayanagar to the effect that at the gates of the city were posted guards who were very diligent in the collection of taxes (jizzat). These taxes were evidently, as Sewell points out, octroi duties. One other source of revenue, the licence for prostitution, has been already referred to.

With regard to expenditure, Abdur Razzak takes care to inform us of the lion's share of it in the military department. The Rāya, he says, had more than a

thousand elephants, resembling mountains in size and devils in form, and a gigantic army of 1,100,000 men. Next to the military defence, the King's own personal expenses formed an important item. The Rāya's harem, which contained seven hundred ladies, purchased from their parents from every part of the empire, and into which no male person above ten years was admitted, naturally absorbed a good deal of the revenues. The amount spent on palaces and pleasure houses, on elephants and horses, for the private use of the Emperor, was proportionally great. Abdur Razzak speaks of gold and silver walls and nails, doors and ceilings. Pearls and gems were in profusion and played a conspicuous part in the adornment of men and things. The Emperor's throne, for example, was "made of gold and enriched with precious stones of extreme value," and, adds Razzak, was nowhere excelled in the other kingdoms of the earth. The cushion on which the Rāya sat had three rows of exquisite pearls on its edges. The roofs and walls of his throne-room were entirely formed of plates of gold enriched with precious stones. "Each of these plates was as thick as the blade of a sword, and was fastened with golden nails."

The large scale of palace expenditure can be inferred from that of the department of elephants. These huge and costly beasts were required, in those days, for a variety of purposes. They were, in the first place, valued for their contribution to the grandeur of State processions and State celebrations, for war in the second place, for games and amusements in the third, and lastly for the execution of criminals who were cast down before them to be crushed to death. Elephants were numerous in the country, but the biggest were reserved

for the palace. A particular part of the capital was assigned for the taming and breeding of these. The King, we are informed, had a white elephant which he held in superstitious veneration, and which he ordered to be brought every morning to his presence so that he could see it first in the day. No expenditure was spared in the proper construction of elephant stables and in the method of feeding them. Each elephant was housed in a separate stall, the walls of which were very strong and high and covered with strong wood. "The neck and back of the elephant were attached by chains to the beams above, and the forelegs were similarly bound." The elephant's food was sumptuous! In fact an elephant of the Rāya seems to have commanded more comforts and luxuries than many of his subjects! Razzak says they were sumptuously fed on *kichu*, which, after being cooked, was turned out from the cauldron before them. Sprinkled with salt and sweetened with moist sugar, it was then made into a mass out of which balls of about two *man*'s each were dipped in butter and then placed by the keepers in the mouths of the animals. So habitual did the latter become in the expectation of their meal that a negligence in the refining process was chastised with death by them; and if the negligent keeper escaped the elephant's fury, he was not likely to escape his sovereign's. The elephants were fed in this way twice a day.

It is in the description of court life, of court etiquette, court customs and festivals that Abdur Razzak excels. When he was first introduced to the court he found the Prince seated in a hall surrounded by the most imposing attributes of State.

Right and left of him stood a numerous crowd of men arranged in a circle. The king was dressed in a robe of green satin, around his neck he wore a collar composed of pearls of beautiful water, and other splendid gems.

The custom of the day necessitated the gift of presents by an ambassador, and Razzak presented to the Rāya, in the name of his master, five beautiful horses and two trays each containing nine pieces of damask and satin. And the Rāya, in accordance with the etiquette of the age, gave an ample present in return —a tray, two packets of betel, a purse containing five hundred fanam's and twenty mithkal's[1] of camphor. His generosity at the same time ordered the daily provision of two sheep, eleven couple of fowls, five *man*'s of rice, one *man* of butter, and one *man* of sugar, together with two varaha's in gold. Thrice a week the ambassador was received by the King and engaged in conversation on matters concerning his country and King, and always dismissed with a packet of betel, a few fanams and camphor.

Abdur Razzak was struck with amazement and wonder at the numerous festivals and celebrations, and the games and amusements of the court. He gives a glowing and realistic picture of a certain festival of which he was the eye-witness. It is not clear what festival he refers to. Razzak himself calls it *Mahanadi* or *Mahanawi*, which evidently stands for *Mahanavami*. But the *Mahanavami* was a nine days' festival which began with the New Moon of the month Asvina, whereas Abdur Razzak says that the festival which he saw was a three days' festival which began with

[1] Major says that the *Mithkal* was the name both of a weight and of a coin, the present weight being three pennyweights. As regards the *Mans*, the same scholar points out that as there are ten sorts in Persia and India it is impossible to fix the real weight intended by Razzak and that, if the market weight is meant, it should be 7½ pounds. See *India in the 15th Century*, p. 31.

the full moon of Kartika. Mr. Sewell[1] therefore surmises that the New Year's Day festival might have been intended by him. However it was, the account he gives is so beautiful and so realistic that it has become a classic in the eyes of the indigenous historian. Razzak says how in pursuance of orders issued by the King of Bidjanagar, the Generals and principal personages from all parts of his Empire presented themselves at the palace, and paid their tribute and allegiance. They brought with them a thousand elephants, "tumultuous as the sea and thundering as the clouds, arrayed in armour and adorned with howdahs on which jugglers and growers of naphtha were seated". Their interview with the Rāya over, the games and amusements began and endured for three days. They were conducted on a broad expanse of ground, magnificently decorated, in which the numerous elephants provided, to the eyes of the traveller, the appearance of the waves of the sea or of "that compact mass which will be assembled together at the day of Resurrection". On this space were erected a number of enchanting pavilions, from two to five storeys high; and on these pavilions there were painted, from top to bottom—

> all kinds of figures that the imagination can conceive—of men, wild animals, birds and all kinds of beasts, down to flies and gnats. All these were painted with exceeding delicacy and taste. Some of these pavilions were so constructed that they revolved, and every moment offered a different face to the view. Every instant each stage and each chamber presented a new and charming sight.

In the front of the plain, there was a pillared edifice, nine storeys in height on the topmost of which the Emperor was seated. In the open space between

[1] See *Forgotten Empire*, p. 93.

this palace and the pavilions, the games were enacted. They were endless. Sometimes singers and story-tellers exercised their respective arts. "The singers were for the most part young girls, with cheeks like the moon, and faces more blooming than the spring." They were adorned with beautiful garments and displayed "figures which ravished the heart like fresh roses". They were seated "behind a beautiful curtain opposite the King. On a sudden the curtain was removed on both sides, and the girls began to move their feet with such grace that wisdom lost its senses and the soul was intoxicated with delight". Besides these, there were a number of miraculous and marvellous feats performed by trained elephants. Abdur Razzak mentions a feat in which three beams were placed one on another, and an elephant was made to mount on the topmost of them, and "beat time with his trunk to every song or tune that the minstrels performed, raising the trunk and lowering it gently in accord with the music". Another feat was to construct a gigantic horizontal bar, attach a long weight on one side, and place an elephant on a plank on the other, so that it had to go up and down, marking the tune of the musicians with the motion of his trunk.

One cannot, without entering into great detail, mention all the various kinds of pyrotechny and squibs, and various other amusements which were exhibited.

Regarding the outdoor amusements of the monarch, Abdur Razzak is comparatively meagre, and gives a short account of elephant-chasing,[1] of which the Rāya was very fond. Deva Rāya stayed sometimes for months in the jungles in this exciting game. The way in which the elephants were caught was very

[1] Students of epigraphy will see how true Abdur Razzak is in his representing Deva Rāya as a lover of the elephant chase.

skilful. A pit was dug in the way which the animal frequented and covered lightly, so that the beast fell into it. For three days it was not approached; but on the fourth a man would come and repeatedly strike it with a bludgeon, while another would appear in the guise of a protector, drive off the oppressor, seize the bludgeon and throw it away, and retire after placing some forage before the beast. The process was repeated for days till the animal became friendly to the protector and allowed him to come near and scratch and rub him till, deceived by this kindness, he would submit his neck to the chain. Elephants were also purchased from Ceylon, their price depending on their height.

In regard to the material condition of the people, Abdur Razzak has some favourable remarks to offer. In a single passage he notes the thick population of the country, the colossal wealth of the Emperor, and the jewellery which the people, as the result of their prosperity, possessed.

> This country is so well-populated that it is impossible in a reasonable space to convey an idea of it. In the king's treasury there are chambers with excavations in them, filled with molten gold, forming one mass. All the inhabitants of the country, whether high or low, even down to the artificers of the bazar, wear jewels and gilt ornaments in their ears and around their necks, arms, wrists and fingers.

One other common but cheap luxury among them was the betel. Both as a digestive after meals and as a mark of courtesy, it was used by all classes of people. Ministers and ambassadors, noblemen and courtiers, made presents of it on occasions of State or private entertainment. Regarding its virtues, Razzak observes:

> It lightens up the countenance and excites an intoxication like that caused by wine. It relieves hunger, stimulates the

organs of digestion, disinfects the breath, and strengthens the teeth. It is impossible to describe, and delicacy forbids me to expatiate on, its invigorating and aphrodisiac virtues.

We may note also that Abdur Razzak mentions the high position occupied by the Brahmanas both in the order of society and the counsels of State. He places the influence of Brahmanism only next to the absolutism of the monarch.

The book of Kalilah and Dimna, the most beautiful work existing in the Persian language and which presents us with the stories of a *rai* and a Brahman is probably a production of the talent of the literati of this country.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the later career [1] of Abdur Razzak. For the moment he left India he ceased to take any interest in her affairs, and the historian of India does not miss him. As has been already mentioned, he left Vijayanagar somewhat discredited, and two men of Khorassan who had been in Vijayanagar, Khwaja Mahsud and Khwaja Muhammad, were sent as ambassadors to his sovereign. He received, however, a kind and cordial treatment at the hands of the Rāya on the occasion of his bidding farewell to him. A journey of eighteen days brought him to the port of Mangaluir (Bakrur or Mangalore ?), where he had the privilege of an interview with a Muhammadan saint, a hundred and twenty years old, and where one of the two ambassadors, Mahsud, died. The Ramzan over, Razzak set out on his voyage, and after an eventful journey, reached Hormuz in April, 1444. He was to live for thirty-eight years more and distinguish himself as an historian and diplomatist.

V. Rangachari

[1] See *India in the 15th Cent.*, Introduction, and Elliot's *History*, iv, p. 90.

TREASURE TROVE OF ANCIENT LITERATURES

By G. K. NARIMAN

(*Concluded from* p. 179.)

III. Enormous Buḍḍhist Samskṛṭ literature in original and vernacular versions—Great discovery of the century: *Pāli* not *the mother tongue of Buḍḍhism; Pāli represents translation from perished vernacular*

THE varieties of scripts employed in these manuscripts are as curious as their contents. We meet with a Manichæan Estrangelo, the Uigurian alphabet, the Brāhmī, the Runes of a particular kind, (which the genius of Thomsen was able to read twenty years ago for the first time on the stones at Orkhon and Jenissei). From the standpoint of their contents the texts fall into three divisions. The Christian literature has up to now been very sparsely encountered, the largest document dealing with the adoration the Magi who are here described after the manner of the Apocrypha. Among Buḍḍhist texts, those of a comparatively later date occupy a large place—the *Saḍḍharma puṇḍarīka,* the *Suvarṇa prahasa Sūṭra,* (of which both Berlin and Petrograd boast of complete texts), passages from the

diaries of travellers, from the peculiar species of literature, not always of a cheerful nature, the Dharanis, and the penitential formulas with their lively portraiture of all manner of imaginable sins. They bear a strong resemblance to the Zoroastrian *Patets*. Then there are again fragments of works with interlineal versions, which are not without value for the originals, since though they are somewhat younger in age they reflect the oldest accessible texts. From the standpoint of history and literature the most interesting of our acquisitions are the miscellania of Indian legends. Who could have ever conceived an expectation of coming across in Turfan the old legends of the *Mahābhāraṭa* related by Bimbasena or more correctly Bhīmasena and his fight with the demon Hidimba, or of the *svayamvara* of Indian princesses? We have confessional formulas of the Manichæans which are without doubt framed after the Buḍḍhist exemplars, like the *Khuastuanift* which is valuable even in its dogmatic contents, and another which witnesses to a considerable tolerance of Buḍḍhism. In this text, in the same breath, are enumerated the sins committed by one against one's own brother in religion as well as the sins shared in Vihāras dedicated to Shakyamuni! Further, our inventory of the treasure trove has to notice fragments of hymns, sermons, divine judgments, and dogmatic transactions; next, a small complete book of prognostications or a dream book in the Rune script. It bears resemblance to similar products of China, but is of Manichæan origin. A special value is to be ascribed to two leaves from Berlin which from their exterior can be marked as Manichæan and not Buḍḍhistic. The first relates to the setting out of the Boḍhisaṭṭva or as

he is here called, the Bodisav, on the path of renunciation, and those who meet him. The other contains the revolting story of the youth who in his intoxication embraces the dead body of a woman. It is of Buḍḍhistic origin and S. Oldenburg has shown that it occurs as the first parable in the Persian version of the legend of *Balaam and Joasaph*. This discovery as good as confirms the conjecture of Muller and Le Coq, to which the peculiar name Bodisav had led them, that here we have to do with the vestiges of the Manichæan version of the celebrated Buḍḍhist romance. But it is not at all impossible that the original was a Manichæan work possibly in the Soghdian language. It would constitute a remarkable instance of involuntary syncretism if the Manichæans had contributed to the turning of the founder of Buḍḍhism into a Christian Saint.

There is hardly a single nation among those of the East Asiatic continent possessing any civilisation of its own, which has not left literary traces in Turkestan. Müller has in certain fragments recognised the script employed by the Hephthalites or White Huns on their coins. We have Mongolian letters and xylographs in the enigmatical Tangutian writing language. Tibetan manuscripts are numerous of which only a few, the fragment of a sūṭra and a couple of religious songs, have been brought out by Barnett and Francke. The number of Chinese writings is enormous. The oldest of these excavated from the sand by Stein are now before the public in a magnificent work by Chavannes. Of the paper manuscripts a few go back to the second Christian century. They are at any rate the oldest paper documents in the world. A large majority of

the documents are on wooden tablets. Some are on bamboo chips: they mark the condition of the oldest Chinese books. The wooden pieces, the oldest of which date from 98 B.C., come from the archives of the garrisons stationed here in the outermost west of the empire on the Great Wall. Here are gathered the detailed particulars regarding the daily life of these military colonies in the first centuries of Christ. They deal with the duties, the wages, the equipments of the soldiers, an optical telegraphic service, a postal department; and, a complement to the picture of the realities of the day, a poem of later days describing the miseries and dangers of the frontier legions guarding against the barbarians of the West. The mass of later Chinese manuscripts seems to belong to works of the Buḍḍhist canon and to business documents. A stranger has sometimes strayed into the collection as is shown by the "Lost Books in the Stone Chamber of Tun-huang," published five years ago in Peking. It is a pleasant sign that China is willing not merely to guard the ancient literary treasure entrusted to her, but also to make it useful.

For us, in India, the manuscripts in Indian languages are of supreme importance. Historic interest is claimed before all by documents on leather and wood discovered by Stein on the Niya river. They contain, as is evidenced by the publications of Rapson and Boyer, dispositions and reports of local authorities, instructions, regulations, official and private correspondence—all inscribed in the Kharoshti script and drawn up in a Prākṛṭ dialect. The date of the Prākṛṭ documents is fixed by the Chinese wooden tablets which have been mixed with the latter, and one

of which is dated A. D. 269 In the third century, therefore, there were Indians in Khotan of Gāṇḍhāra origin who were living mixed with a Chinese population. It is, therefore, not improbable that an historic fact lies at the basis of the legend according to which Khotan in the days of Ashoka was colonised by Chinese emigrants under the banished son of the Emperor as well as the inhabitants of Takshashila whom the Indian king, wounded over the blinding of his son Kunala which they had not prevented, had accordingly ordered to be banished to the deserts to the north of the Himālayas. In the circle of these Indian colonies lies also the Kharoshti manuscript of the *Ḍhammapaḍa* which is known after Detrenil de Rhins. Professor Lüder thinks that it is by no means a private anthology, but the remnant of a particular tradition of the word of the Buḍḍha which up to now has undoubtedly remained the only one of its kind.

Since the time of Pischel, who deciphered the first pages of the xylograph of the *Samyukṭāgama*, the remnants of the Buḍḍhist canonical literature in Samskṛṭ have been infinitely multiplied. What up to now has been placed before the public out of the *Vinaya* and *Ḍharma* of the Buḍḍhist Samskṛṭ canon by Sylvain Levi, Finot and de la Vallee Poussin is only a small portion of the salvage. Of the *Uḍānavarga*, which seems to have been unquestionably the most favourite Samskṛṭ Buḍḍhist work, 500 leaves are preserved in the Berlin collection alone, out of fragments and leaves belonging to some 100 manuscripts, so that the text is almost completely restored. Pischel recognised that these vestiges belong to the canon of the school of the Sarvaṣtivadis lost in the original Samskṛṭ. He already

noticed that the Samskṛṭ texts were not translations from the Pāli canon, which is the only canon preserved intact to us. A penetrating research has revealed that both the Samskṛṭ and Pāli canon are traceable to a common source which, as is proved by mistakes in the translations, was drawn up in the Eastern dialect which was spoken as the common idiom in the territory of the Buḍḍha's activity. THIS IS AN EVENT WHICH IS OF DECISIVE CONSEQUENCE IN THE HISTORY OF BUḌḌHISM. We are now in a position to restore the Samskṛṭ canon from the débris of tradition. It existed in the pre-Christian centuries in Magaḍha. That, however, is not equivalent to saying that we have come upon the original word of the Buḍḍha. What the Buḍḍha himself exactly taught will always remain a subject of speculation although Professor Lüder believes we are not yet justified in resigning ourselves to the position of *ignorabimus*. That, however, which the Church thought He taught at a time to which no direct documents go back, is now in our hands, thanks to the Turkestan discoveries.

Another region in literature has now been made accessible from this quarter—the pre-classical Samskṛṭ poetry. Thirty years ago the Kāvya appeared to begin with Kāliḍāsa who was placed in the sixth century. Before that seemed to lie centuries of complete sterility and Max Müller coined the phrase about "Sanskrit renaissance". To-day we are positive that Kāliḍāsa lived in the beginning of the fifth century, that his name signifies the zenith of courtly poetry, and that it was preceded by a spring. Inscriptions and a couple of lucky discoveries in India have given us an idea of the beginnings of the Kāvya. Turkestan intimates to us the

existence of an unsuspected wealth of hymns, epics, romances and anthologies which in the majority belong probably to this period. The material is always religious but the form is that of the secular Kavi. This differentiates the poetry from the old Buḍḍhistic, though the old Church did not by any means stand hostile to poetry.

The present writer may be allowed to dwell for a moment—a moment only—on the brilliant confirmation of the discovery of the Buḍḍhist canon in Samskṛṭ. A short eight years ago his refusal to look upon Pāli as the prime word of the Buḍḍha, and Samskṛṭ Buḍḍhist books as later fabrications, drew on him a storm of indignation from Burmese monasteries. Unfortunately for the time-being the excavator's spade is left for the shrapnel; else it were easy to make a present to the Shwe-da-gon shrine of an anthology of Samskṛṭ Buḍḍhism as voluminous as any in Pāli issued from Leipzig or New York.

IV. The hiatus in classical Samskṛṭ literature supplied —Buḍḍhist poetry or drama in Samskṛṭ—Matriceta and Ashvaghosha the forerunners of Kāliḍāsa—Authenticity and verification of Tibetan treasures

People appropriated the popular species of poetry called the Gāṭhas by putting over it a Buḍḍhistic veneer. The first age of profound religious passion gave rise to a number of poets who, however, had not the ambition to hand down their names to posterity. Many of the strophes which were placed in the mouth of the Buḍḍha himself or his disciples are among the finest produced by the literature of any age. But only when Samskṛṭ was given the position of a church language, instead of the popular dialect, doubtless with a view to a wider spreading of the doctrine, it was then only that

poetry began to be composed according to the rules of the Samskṛṭ court singers. Our manuscripts prove how much under the influence of this artificial poetry gradually the ear of the monk himself in the Turkestan monasteries was refined. Scholars were constantly at work improving upon the old translations of canonical works which were in many ways crude and unpolished. They laboured to reduce the text in language and metre to the stricter requirements of later ages.

Two names belonging to this early period are mentioned in the Middle Ages with enthusiastic admiration, Matriceta and Asvaghosha. Both belong as it seems to the beginning of the second century. Matriceta's fame is based on his two hymns to the Buḍḍha, which according to I-tsing in the seventh century every monk in India learnt by heart, whether he was attached to the *Hīnayāna* or the *Mahāyāna*, and gave rise to the legend that the author in his previous birth had rejoiced the Buḍḍha with his songs as a nightingale. They were up to now known only from Tibetan and Chinese translations. From the fragments in the Berlin collection about two-thirds of their text has been restored. The work of Matriceta has great value in the history of the Samskṛṭ literature as the earliest example of Buḍḍhistic lyrics; although the enthusiasm with which the Chinese Buḍḍhist scholar and translator I-tsing speaks thereof is not altogether intelligible to us. Dogmatic accuracy can scarcely compensate us for the monotony with which synonym after synonym has been heaped. Also the *alaṅkāras* which constitute the regular decoration of a kāvya are only sparingly employed. Incomparably higher as a poet at any rate stands Ashvaghosha.

Fragments of his epic, the *Buḍḍha cariṭa* and the *Saunḍarānanḍa* in the original Samskṛṭ are found in Turkestan. Here we have also palm leaves eaten up and ruined on which was inscribed the *Sūṭra alaṅkāra* which is at present known only from its Chinese translation. A French version of the Chinese rendering was done by Huber. The ruined remains, however, give us an idea of the style of Ashvaghosha. We likewise possess a wholly unexpected fund of remnants of dramas of which at least one in the colophon is expressly designated as Ashvaghosha's work. One of the two palm leaf writings in which it is preserved to us is a palimpsest prepared in central Asia. The other was probably written in northern India during the lifetime of the poet. It represents the oldest Brāhmī manuscript we know. One leaf has come out of a dramatic allegory in which Wisdom, Endurance, and Fame entertained themselves on the virtues of the Buḍḍha. Probably it is an epilogue or an interlude. A fragment represents a comic piece in which the principal part seems to have been played by a courtesan. The drama which undoubtedly is a production of Ashvaghosha treats of the story of the two chief disciples of the master, Shārīpuṭra and Mauḍgalyāyana, up to the time of their conversion to Buḍḍhism. The fragments do not suffice to enable us to judge of the individuality of Ashvaghosha although they furnish valuable suggestions for a general history of the Indian theatre. We here come across, apart from divergences of little consequence, forms as in the classical period. The speeches are in prose intermixed with verse. The women and the inferior *dramatis personae* speak a Prākṛṭ dialect which undoubtedly stands here on a

more ancient phonetic level. The comic person of the piece, the Viḍūṣhaka, is also here a Brāhman perpetually suffering from hunger in the company of the hero, and the manner of his jokes is the same as in *Shākunṭala*. All this demonstrates that the Indian drama at the close of the first Christian century was fully developed in all its peculiarities, and this has been completely established by the discovery in Southern India of the dramas of Bhasa, by Gaṇapaṭi Shāstṛi. Bhasa is one of the poets mentioned by Kāliḍāsa as his predecessor.

It is a variegated picture this, presented to us by research in Turkestan. It is all still almost in confusion, the flickering light of accident. It will require years of labour before we are able to judge of the whole huge collection. The question with some is whether the results will be commensurate to the labour. There are many in the West who have hardly any appreciation for the work of scholars engaged on the investigation of peoples and speeches of Southern and Eastern Asia. But the sinologues' views at least must count. Chinese is a "colonial language". The Samskṛṭist, however, is something more than a tranquil man who worships dead deities worlds apart. These Gods are not dead. The knowledge which Gauṭama Buḍḍha acquired in the holy night under the Boḍhi tree is still the *credo* of millions of mankind, and thousands and thousands of lips still repeat the prayer at sunrise composed by a Ṛṣhi thousands of years ago. Nor are those countries far from us. Only 18 days' journey divides the heart of Europe from Colombo, in whose harbour steamers from their journey to the ends of the earth take shelter. The world has

become narrower, the people of Asia have been brought close to us and will be brought still closer. Whether this will be peaceful or will lead to strife, this nobody knows. It is nevertheless our duty to endeavour to study the ancient systems of culture, to endeavour to appreciate them in the only possible way—that of historical research. In the history of this research the discovery of the Ancient and Middle Ages of Turkestan constitutes only a single chapter but that happens to be one of the most important.

G. K. Nariman

SILENCE

Be still and know that I am God

WHEN with hearts high bounding, full of joy and hope,
Bravely go we forth to meet Life's swelling flow,
When Love's whispers thrill us with their music sweet,
Be still, and know.

When from cloudless sky of noontide heat and strife,
The Sun's strong rays fall, blinding in their glow,
When Life's success and glory veil the sight,
Be still, and know.

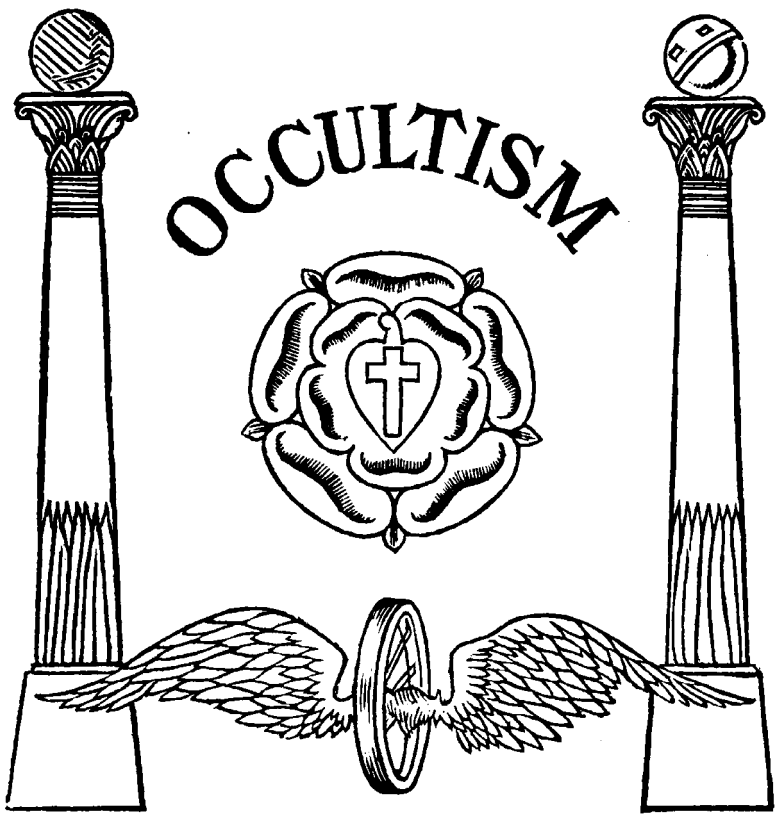
When Evening comes, the hour of retrospection,
While yet the red illumes the peaks of snow,
When Life is all behind, and Death before us,
Be still, and know.

And when the Day is done, with all its pains and pleasures,
And to us comes the whisper soft and low,
The message that the Angels bring at night-time,
Be still, and know.

Be still, at Life's glad morning and at noon-tide,
Mid scorching heat, when tempests loudest blow;
Remain unswerving, still, midst all Life's turmoil;
Be still, and know.

Be still, and know that God is in His Heaven;
Be still, let Life's mad swirl unheeded by you go;
Be still, from out the Silence comes the Knowledge,
Be still, and thou shalt know.

E. B. YEOMANS



INWARD SIGHT

By The Rev. S. Baring Gould

ALTHOUGH in so-called thought-reading there is usually a good deal of imposture, there is certainly a substratum of truth. To certain persons is given a faculty of "taking stock" of another that is justified by after revelations. We are all conscious of entertaining sympathies or antipathies for which we are not able to give a rational explanation. Children, to whom experience in human character is wholly wanting, possess it;

and in the same way animals—dogs and horses—entertain strong and unaccountable likes and dislikes for special human beings. It is certainly true that the judgment we form at the first sight of individuals hitherto unknown to us is often more correct than that which is the result of a longer acquaintance. The first impression that through some instinct of the soul attracts or repels us when encountering strangers may, by further acquaintance, be weakened, yet it is never altogether shaken off, and in the long run is not infrequently justified. This is a faculty of peculiar value in the East, where every native lies, and in a court of justice no witness can be trusted to speak the truth.

In some persons the gift is very strongly marked. I had an intimate acquaintance, now no more, who could read the mind of an interlocutor; and, quite involuntarily, when engaged in a conversation he would read off the mind of the person with whom he was engaged in talk, and startle him by saying, "You are speaking of this matter, but your mind is full of something quite different; and what that is I will tell you." And I have known him to frighten people out of all equanimity by thus revealing to them what was passing in their minds.

I remember one special occasion when he suddenly interrupted a young lady with whom he was conversing by abruptly telling her of a passage in her past life known to no one but herself. She turned livid, and went off into a dead faint. It was not, I presume, that he saw her past portrayed before him, but that he read her thoughts, at that moment recurring to the incident which was thus disclosed to him.

He told me that this faculty of his had estranged so many friends and acquaintances from him that he

now never spoke of what was present to him in inward vision. He was quite unable to exercise this power at will; nor could he exercise it on whom he would.

A person of lively imagination might perhaps form a correct picture of the actions and passions of another person, but this would be due to deliberate exercise of the mind, whereas in such as are gifted in this particular manner it is almost always involuntary. As my friend said to me, it was usually when talking with individuals who did not interest him, or about subjects that bored him, that, as by a flash of inspiration, he read their minds; and if the mind at the moment were engaged on some passage in the past life he saw that.

Zschokke, whose autobiography was published in 1842, informs us that he possessed this power. "It has happened to me on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some peculiar scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinctly, before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger's life that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read and distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of the features."

Here, in my opinion, Zschokke was mistaken. He could not possibly see the incidents of the past life of a total stranger; but by means of thought-reading he might follow the thoughts of the person who was before him, as that individual recalled the incidents of his

past career. Zschokke, on making the acquaintance of John von Riga, related to him his past life with the avowed purpose of learning whether he was correct in his revelation or not, and Von Riga was constrained to admit that what he had said was true. He gives an instance: "One fair day, in the town of Waldshut, I entered an inn in company with two young student foresters. We supped with a numerous society at the *table d'hôte*, where the guests were making merry over the peculiarities of the Swiss. One handsome young man who sat opposite us had allowed himself extraordinary licence. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him and asked whether he would candidly answer me if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me. He promised to admit frankly if I spoke the truth. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of this young merchant—his school years, his youthful errors, and, lastly, with a fault committed with reference to the cash-box of his principal. I described to him the unoccupied room with the whitewashed walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confessed every particular, even—what I hardly expected—the last-mentioned."

Zschokke says that this faculty of his was never of the slightest material service to him. "It manifested itself rarely, quite independently of my will, and several

times in reference to persons whom I cared little to look through."

This was precisely the experience of my friend. The power was exercised quite unexpectedly, as it were involuntarily, and generally when he was in a listless mood.

Zschokke says that once, when on an excursion with his two sons, he saw an old Tyrolese seller of oranges and lemons who possessed the same gift and exercised it upon Zschokke himself.

Dr. Mayo, in his *Essay on Popular Superstitions*, mentions a Scottish lady of his acquaintance who had a cook who was invested with the same power, and whom she had to dismiss on account of the annoyance caused her by this domestic being able to read her purposes before they were expressed.

Probably, when her mistress was entering the kitchen to order dinner, the cook told her what she had purposed ordering. That there is a faculty of this sort lodged in all, but not in all developed, we can hardly doubt; and we cannot but be grateful that it is not in its perfection in very many, or social intercourse would be at an end. It is not always pleasing for persons to give us a bit of their minds, but it would be far less pleasing if they could give us a bit of our own!

S. Baring Gould

GRAIL-GLIMPSES

"THE CUP OF SACRIFICE"

By E. M. GREEN

THE hot August sun flooded the long clean room with an unshrinking glare; it lit up the rows of beds with their checked cotton quilts and high white enamelled rails, like an infant's cot, upon some of which a blue and white chintz curtain had been hung in such a manner as to shroud the occupant from the view of anyone not standing close by the bedside. Twenty such beds occupied the room, ten on either side; and at each end a table, covered with a blue and white check cloth, and two wicker chairs completed the furniture of a place which seemed neither hospital ward nor work-house infirmary, though resembling both in its clean bareness. Complete silence brooded over the hot air, the room seemed motionless as a place of death, yet strangely filled with a sense of some presence, tense with a sort of breathing as of some creature of the desert crouching in its lair alone, and waiting.

Upon eight of the cot bedsteads the chequered quilts were drawn smooth and flat, the oblong of the trim pillows undented by the pressure of any resting head. Upon the other twelve the quilts hung with the same perfect precision of arrangement, neither tumbled

nor pulled awry by the restless movements of a sleeper, the pillows lay straight and orderly in their white cases; but beneath these latter quilts the outline of a human form showed vaguely, and on each pillow a head lay still and motionless, as if in deepest sleep or the yet deeper sleep of death. A clock outside the house struck three deep notes whose dying vibrations pulsing through the hot stillness seemed to mingle with, and be absorbed by, the strange breathing motionlessness of the atmosphere.

The silence was broken by a long sigh, one of the wicker chairs creaked as a figure rose from it and stood stretching and yawning by the table. It was the figure of a woman, tall and well formed, the white skin of throat and wrists and the auburn of the hair coiled thick beneath her white cap thrown into strong relief by the sunlight on her blue linen dress. Beautiful, young and vibrant with physical life, the life of the supple body that stretched and curved itself as she raised her arms over her head and yawned again, she seemed to strike upon the heavy sagging stillness with the note of some wind instrument piercing the drone of muted strings, or the rhythmic throbbing of muffled drums.

"Only three! two hours more before tea-time! *Can* I stand it?" she said aloud and glanced at the bed nearest to her and then quickly away with a kind of restrained horror in her eyes. Stooping she picked up the crochet work that had slipped from her lap to the floor and laid it on the table, then with an air of pulling herself together and bracing herself for an effort, moved briskly towards a bed on her right. The figure that lay there straight and still upon its back might have been man or woman, the cropped scanty hair and heavy

features could equally have belonged to either sex, and the face so like a mask in its utter expressionlessness gave no hint of character or personality. The eyes, open but apparently sightless, showed no speculation in their fixed stare, the puffy lids neither quivered nor drooped, the open mouth showed no change of expression as the nurse bent down and slipped the clinical thermometer into it. Lifting the motionless wrist she felt the pulse, then entered that and the temperature on the chart at the bed's head, and moved to the next bed. No pen may paint the picture of that ward in Dr. Wilmot's Institute for the congenitally Insane and Paralytic; no pen should trace the secrets which are there locked away for ever from the eyes of the world! Only those to whose care are confided the monstrosities of human birthing, the idiot and the paralytic, the abortions that had been better had they been "consumed away" before ever they saw the light! only those men and women whom the exigencies of the struggle for existence induce to undertake such a charge, only such may know in detail the dread mystery of such a place, or bear to gaze upon the sights it hides within its walls.

It is sufficient here to say that as the nurse went from bed to bed no answering glance met hers, nor was there any movement in the still forms whose wrists lifted mechanically, her own radiant vitality seeming to fade and shrink into itself as she performed her monotonous task. The sunlight lit up her red gold hair and turned the ivory pallor of her skin to a pale gold, showing up the delicate modelling of her chin and sensitive mouth, the broad brow and fine arch of eyebrow above the hazel eyes whose light seemed now to veil itself beneath a load of shrinking horror and pain.

As she finished marking the last sheet, the door opened, and a short stout woman of about thirty years of age, with a high colour and beady black eyes full of a sharp inquisitive expression, entered noisily, shutting the door with a bang behind her. The fair nurse started and the colour flooded into her face; the noise seemed an insult in that silent place; it was to her imagination, sensitive as only the imagination of the pure Kelt can be, as if a blow had been aimed at those motionless forms.

"Well! Nurse Graham, and how are you getting on?" asked the new-comer cheerily. "Bless me, my dear, don't look like that, it *has* been getting on your nerves with a vengeance. Come, buck up, you'll get used to it. The first day in this ward is always the worst, or the night I should say; it *is* a bit nervy then, I'll own. But even then it's not as bad as the freaks, none of us can stand that for more than a month at a stretch; my word, I can't see you in there. I can tell you, my dear, there are times when even I feel a bit jumpy, and I'm good and tough and not one for nerves. But what with that little imp Jacky, much more monkey than boy *he* is, and then the woman with—good sakes, my dear, are you going to faint? here catch hold of me, there that's better, sit still while I get you a drop of sal volatile; poor dear, I forgot you were the tender sort, wait a minute, I won't be half a tick," and voluble still, the stout figure bustled away.

Let alone, Nurse Graham laid her arms on the table at her side and laid her head upon them in an abandon of misery. A sick faintness took hold upon her and her body shook as if with ague. "My God!" she moaned, and again, "My God!" Nothing stirred in

the hot stillness, but a robin piped upon a branch outside the window, and the sunlight fell like gold upon the floor.

Nurse Atkins was back in a moment, and the girl drank the nauseous mixture she had brought, caught her breath and shuddered violently, then came to herself again.

"Thank you, you are very kind," she said with white lips and a wan smile as she handed back the glass. "I am all right again now, I am not usually so foolish, but the time has seemed rather long and—and the stillness is—is rather unusual. I shall soon get quite used to it."

"That's right, my dear," the other answered kindly with a reassuring pat on the arm, "you won't care a pin in a day or so! Well, I must go back, just thought I'd look in and see how you were sticking it. Tea at five you know, and it's just upon four now; I'll look in and fetch you when Nurse Jones relieves me, and Fletcher will take this room for a half hour. You will usually have your tea up here, *I* can't, they'd pull it to pieces in a minute, but as you are new you can come down to the refectory for the first week. Ta—ta, look out of the window a bit and forget the cases; pity we mayn't read, we used to be allowed to, but a case in bed 4 rolled over once on to her face and got suffocated, so now, law! child, there you go again as white as death; you aren't what I should call cut out for this job; well I must be off, keep your pecker up," and with another pat the kindly creature stumped noisily away.

Nurse Graham turned to the window mechanically, and stood for a few minutes looking out upon the gravel

sweep bordered with shrubs leading to the high wall that shut the place of horror away from the dusty high road. She could see the road from the window, and now her eyes rested upon it with a very sickness of longing in their gaze. Only yesterday, yesterday at about this hour, she had driven along it in the old yellow cab from the little wayside station—had turned in at the solid wooden gates which the porter had unlocked and had entered the big red brick house which was to her worse than a prison. She knew that the gates had been locked again after her cab had gone away; that the little postern by the porter's Lodge was locked also; that very fact made the blood of the Kelt, the wild free soul of the Gaelic people, stir in her pulses and mount hotly to her white brow; as the first touch of bit and bridle to the unbroken colt, so was the sense of restricted action to this woman, and beyond it was the horror, the nauseating disgust and invincible repugnance with which the atmosphere of the place filled her, till her very soul seemed sick within her, and all her will was in rebellion against the world as she now contacted it. Pale, mutinous and lovely she stood in the hot sunlight, the thoughts crowding fast through her brain as her fingers twisted the hanging cord of the window blind, knotting it so tightly round themselves as to cause physical pain.

She reviewed the circumstances that had led to her applying for this post, the vague desire she had felt to do something really worth while with her life, the half formulated emotions that had stirred within her when she had read of such sacrifices as that of Father Damien in devoting his life to the lepers, the indefinite imaginings she had indulged as to the way in which

the terribly afflicted from birth, the abortions and human monstrosities, should be cheered and uplifted by her care and tender nursing. She had all the mystic romanticism of her race; her nature, full and rich in imaginative idealism, had painted the picture in rich and glowing colours, had even in its inmost sanctities dwelt upon the knowledge of her own physical beauty and had added that final offering as the consummation of her sacrifice. And now, . . . she was here, face to face with the reality, with the hard glare of the untempered sunlight leaving no mental or actual corner in the shadows of merciful obscurity Here were no half shrinking, half tentative sufferers craving the heaven of her loving sympathy, no bitternesses over which her tenderness could pour a healing balm; she had been into the adjoining wards that morning—Merciful God! what saving love or grace may touch an abortion of mentality, more awful in its manifestation than even its physical expression. From those rooms she had turned, almost with relief, to this, where those who from birth had exercised only the physical functions of breathing, sleeping and taking nourishment were passing the hours of an awful living death. But now—she knew that her resolution was failing, that her will was giving way before the agony of repulsion and revolt that rioted through her senses. Gripping the window ledge with one hand while the other twisted the cord tight and more tightly round her fingers, the sweat breaking out upon her forehead as her breath came quick and uneven, she bent like a reed to the rush of thoughts that swept over her. The great ward of the London Hospital, the bright walls and tables of flowers; the familiar scent of

iodoform and the fresh uniforms of the nurses and sisters; home-sickness for each well-known detail possessed her with a very nostalgia of desire; words broke from her white lips as she murmured audibly, "I must go back, I *must*! Sister Raphael said she would take me any time! I can't stay here. Oh! my God—is there a God? I should doubt it in time, if I stayed here! It is not cowardly, but strong to go; *no one* could expect me to stay!" The breathing silence answered by no vibration, even the robin was silent, but from the distant fields the call of the outer world came to her in the whirr of a reaping machine, and the sound of children laughing as they came home from school. The fair nurse listened and grew calmer as the dear, simple joys of life beckoned her soul to return to their safe entrenchments. Musing of happy bygone days she stood and dreamed of freedom, till Nurse Atkins came to call her to tea.

* * * * *

It was Christmas Eve; Christmas even in that place of gloom. Snow had been falling all day; but now, as the short winter twilight faded, the clouds broke, and in the east a star shone faintly above the pale struggling moon.

Nurse Graham fixed the last sprig of holly above the head of the last bed, and stepped back to survey her work. The room looked bright enough with its festoons of ivy and holly hanging from the gas brackets and over the mantelshelf, and Nurse Atkins entering at the moment exclaimed in surprise:

"Good gracious, my dear! you've never been and decorated the place up like this! Last year I stuck a bit of holly over the fireplace, but afterwards I didn't

see much sense in it. *They* don't notice it, and *we* don't want to think of Christmas and this place together. Blest if the girl hasn't stuck a sprig of holly over the head of each bed, and what's that for, if one may ask?"

"I... I just had some over so I put it there," Nurse Graham answered flushing. "It's beautiful holly this winter, isn't it, I can't remember when I've seen so many berries."

"Yes, the hall and refectory look lovely. Oh! and that reminds me, Dr. Wilmot asked me to go into the conservatory and get some flowers for the table, and I came to see if you'd do me a favour and go for me. I do want to get a few cards done up for post; I'll bring them in here if you'll be an angel and go for me."

"Not much of an angel to do such a very pleasant commission," smiled the other, "I shall love a breath of air."

"Oh! well, take your time, I'm off duty for an hour, and can write here as well as anywhere, it's quiet enough in all conscience; so long!"

With a deep-drawn breath of pure joy, Nurse Graham closed the garden door behind her and stepped out into the gathering night. The wind had dropped suddenly and the snow lay white and crisp, expectant of the coming icy grip of frost. The sky had cleared towards the east and south where the moon, mounting as she sailed, caught an ever deepening gold from the wings of departing day.

The girl walked slowly, drawing her dark blue cloak more closely round her, her footsteps showing clearly in the untrodden snow. An impulse drew her towards the shrubbery that ran round the garden beneath

the high brick wall; her mind was far away; the laurustines and evergreens with their weight of snow, the tall Scotch firs and larches bent beneath their unusual burden, the unruffled silence which snow imparts even in busy places; all brought back vividly to her remembrance the wooded heights of the Swiss village where she had been to school. She could see again the faces of her school fellows, the figures of the French Nuns who had taught her, the little Oratory where she had kneeled so often, her face uplifted to the bronze Crucifix over the Altar, her soul full of dreams of the dedication of her young life to the One who hung thereon. So filled was she with memories and dreams that she started violently as, detaching itself from the shadows upon the unsullied snow, the figure of a man moved towards her. A man wearing a long dark cloak, with a soft hat, whose shadow partly veiled his face. The Stranger did not speak at once, neither did she; only the night drew closer and more still as if to shut that moment from the rest of time. Nurse Graham started as she heard his voice, it was so low and yet it seemed to fill the space around them like a wind. He said: "You go to gather flowers, I think. I will go also if you will permit." Taking the key she held, he led the way, and presently they came to where the large conservatory gleamed like crystal from amid the snowy trees. The Stranger stooped, unlocked the door and entered first. Half timid and afraid, she knew not why, yet with a strange delight that drew her on, the Nurse came in, stood beside him, waiting what might come.

"See here," he said, and bent to touch a blossom with his hand, "gather your flowers, I will wait for

you; give me the piece of holly that you hold, it will be in your way."

In silence still she cut the white blooms one by one, then turned to him with a quick smile.

"How still it is, how far we seem from all the world in here, yet I am not afraid now you are here; are you the gardener of whom Dr. Wilmot spoke?"

The Stranger smiled;

"I have been thought to be a gardener before," he said, "and by a woman then. No! I am not the gardener, my child, nor does your Dr. Wilmot know me—yet. I came to see you only, and to speak with you."

Nurse Graham flushed:

"With me!" she faltered.

"Yes, with you alone in all this place. Tell me; I think you wrote a letter yesterday, a letter that you found it hard to write, in which you put away a great desire. That letter has been seen by me, and it is that of which I came to speak."

"Oh! Sir, forgive me pray, I did not mean to be so rude, what must you think of me," Nurse Graham said in great distress. "I took you for the gardener, and now I know that you are one of the Directors of the Hospital. You could not well have seen my letter else! And you have come to see *me* only! are they angry that I have refused? I never meant. . ."

The Stranger raised his hand: "Be calm; no one is angry, least of all myself. I came to ask you if you would explain; I should be glad to know your reasons, if I may; the post of Sister for the children's ward, the salary raised because they knew your worth; tell me!

was it not good enough? and they thought you were longing to escape from here."

"I know, I know! I was at first," she said and lifted eyes to his that searched her face. "I wanted so to go, I feared to stay! in this sad place God seemed so hard to find; I longed to leave even without a post."

"And yet you stay! tell me the reason why," he asked, and touched the flowers she held, reading her eyes with his.

"I hardly know, I fear it sounds so strange," she answered slowly, "yet to you I feel I may perhaps explain; it seems to me as if those dreadful lives, those lives I watch and tend and keep alight, are not lived here at all but in some place close by, *so* close to those poor bodies, that the souls who wear them see, yet are not in the dreadful shell at all. I think it may be punishment for them, that so they pay for some great wrong they did, and wear the weary years away and learn, and then come back to earth and truly live. And it has come to me to feel that *they* do know and feel as we do, and that their shame and pain is most, at some unreverent touch or careless word, or worst of all when some one loathes to think of them or tend them as we have to do. I think those awful bodies are their Cross, and that they hang upon them till their sin is cleansed." She paused, and in her eyes the light grew deeper yet.

The Stranger did not speak, and she went on: "And so I stayed because I love to feel that I can minister to souls in pain and not tend bodies merely; so I just stay and touch them as the Christ would have them touched, I know; I try to bring the chalice of His Passion to their lips and give them of *His* Love to drink . . . . *is* it a dream of mine, or may it be?"

The moonlight fell across her earnest face, the stillness woke to echoes of her voice; the Stranger answered, and his voice was low.

"No dream, but very truth, my child; of such as you, the Christ does choose his ministers of love. The souls shall drink His cup and find therein *through you* —not only bitterness but healing too."

He bent, and laid his hand upon her brow, then left her; and the silence grew, but first: "Here is the holly that I held for you," he said, and gave into her hand a Christmas rose.

E. M. Green

The Garden City Theosophical School

THE GARDEN CITY THEOSOPHICAL SCHOOL

By G. E. Rogers

IN January of this year a Theosophical School on co-educational lines was opened in Letchworth, (the Garden City) Hertfordshire, England, with fourteen pupils, in two ordinary semi-detatched houses, which were connected by the making of a doorway between two of the downstair rooms. The Principal, and ruling spirit of the School, is Dr. Armstrong-Smith, who came back to England after three months' Red Cross work in France, to devote himself to the development of the School.

Under his magnetic influence and experienced management the number of pupils increased so rapidly that before the end of the second term it became a serious question as to where more space was to be found for their accommodation, the only solution to the problem apparently being to take another house in the same road which happened to be vacant. But suddenly and most unexpectedly a beautiful school building was offered to the Doctor if only money could be found for the purchase. It had been built only six years ago, by a first-class architect, and stood in a fine position in the town, about 300 feet above sea-level, in its own grounds, and surrounded by fields and well-grown trees. But how was it possible at such short

notice (a few weeks only being allowed for final decision) and in war time, to raise sufficient money to obtain possession of such a beautiful, and in every way desirable place?

A hurriedly-called meeting of Committee Members was held in June, and it was decided to make all possible effort to obtain the necessary money either by gift or loan; Mr. Baillie-Weaver, our Deputy General Secretary, at this juncture came forward with a most generous offer, to give his time and the benefit of his legal knowledge until the matter was concluded in one way or the other. The result was, however, satisfactory; the purchase was rendered possible by the generous devotion of some two or three persons who came forward with gifts and a loan on favourable terms, so that on September 1st, the School's Trustees entered into possession of the beautiful new premises, and after a very busy three weeks of preparation, the School itself re-opened for its third term with forty pupils, eleven of them being boarders; and with the prospect of yet more to enter after Christmas.

As regards the building, all the principal rooms face south or south-west, and look over a wide lawn and flower garden, where roses bloom in luxuriant profusion. There is sufficient bedroom accommodation in the house for forty pupils, with the requisite teaching and domestic staffs; while there are good kitchens and all the necessary offices for working a large establishment; two large upper rooms isolated from the rest, are designed for use in case of illness. There is a laboratory completely fitted up, a carpenter's workshop equally well furnished, and the greater part of the building is steam heated, and there is also a most useful

convenient lift for luggage. The rooms reserved for the staff are bright and charming; a good gravel-laid play ground, a Fives Court, a cricket field, together with three extra class rooms apart from the house, complete the sum of the new purchase.

It is calculated that by the time the boarders number twenty-five, the undertaking will be self-supporting. In the meantime there is the loan of some £3,500 which we hope may be paid off in part, if not entirely, at an early date.

Donations will be gladly received by either Dr. Armstrong-Smith himself—address, Garden City Theosophical School, Letchworth—Herts, England, or by the Hon. Treasurer, Miss Hope Rea, Overhill, Letchworth—Herts, England.

G. E. Rogers

THE BEGGAR DANCE

By THEODORE LESLIE CROMBIE

I

THE following story was found amongst some *old* papers of a novelist who has recently died. Permission has not been given to reveal the name, but it may be noted that his work was characterised by a wonderful insight into life, and by the peculiar literary charm which he brought to bear on every incident he portrayed. The story given below must have been one of his earliest efforts, as it bears distinct marks of immaturity and gives few indications of the literary greatness to which the author afterwards attained. It has, however, a certain touch of realism which makes the reader wonder whether or not "The Beggar Dance" may be a fragment of autobiography.

II

Cold, sleet, slush, fog—one of these ghastly November evenings which bring despair to the hearts of the homeless and make even the rich shiver beneath their furs. The Thames rolls its brown waters unconcernedly, heeding not the poor wretches that lean

over its bridges and wonder whether it were not best to fling themselves into the murky depths and for ever find rest. The lamps shine strangely on the Embankment, each surrounded by a misty halo. Up Northumberland Avenue it is a little clearer, the lamps shine brighter, life takes on a less gloomy shade. Across Trafalgar Square, down Charing Cross Road, there is still more light, great patches of bright haze proclaiming the presence of theatres.

This evening the Crown Music Hall stood forth with a certain dignity. Large posters, well-illumined, displayed the full-length portrait of a woman—a beautiful woman—and underneath the portrait was written: "To-night at 9.30 CONSTANCE RÉVEILLON in her famous BEGGAR DANCE." In letters of fire, round the porch of the theatre the same tale was repeated—"CONSTANCE RÉVEILLON—THE BEGGAR DANCE."

And here I found myself this dreadful night. Only one sixpence between myself and beggary. I, a gentleman by birth, but fallen so low as scarce to remember even that. Educated?—yes; but with the education of some twenty years ago that was worse than useless. Fit for nothing, unable to get any work after weeks of honest striving. The one poor room which I inhabited would to-morrow be no longer mine, for I could not find the rent; henceforth I must be one of the homeless wanderers. My God! how the mother who gave me birth would weep if she could see me now—and yet the worst had not happened. I had not yielded, though so strongly tempted, to the seduction of the river. I must and would fight it out.

I was standing near the stage door when a motor-car drew up from which emerged a lady clad in beautiful sables. I knew her at once; she was the great Réveillon. And then to meet her came a tall man, a typical manager, and the two stopped on the street, talking earnestly. I was near enough to hear what they said, but they took no notice of me. Why did they not go inside the theatre? It was cold enough. But fate plays many games, and in this one she had decided to include me.

"But Mr. Barker, what is it you would tell me? My beggar is run over at Wimbledon. So? poor devil. Unable to play—Eh! But of course: the understudy? A fool I know, but he will do all right though. I will dance, Oh heaven, I will dance so that they shall not know whether there is a beggar or not."

"Madame, you do not understand," replied the agitated manager. "The understudy, Irwin, has telegraphed us he cannot come to-night. He has got pneumonia. He will not be here, and there is no one."

The despair in the manager's voice roused La Réveillon.

"Mon Dieu! What *can* we do? Is there no one?"

"We must find some one—but at such short notice, barely an hour. I wired Jacques if he would help us out, but he is on at a show in the Frivolity, and I can think of no one. Stay! there is Mark Lord; he would do at a pinch *if we can get him in time. . . .*"

So saying the manager rushed off to the telephone, leaving La Réveillon alone on the street.

"Madame, *I* will play the part," I said moving forward as if impelled by some irresistible impulse.

"You," she exclaimed, glancing at me half angrily, half critically. "You," she repeated, and then she laughed.

I should have been abashed, I should have turned away with an apology, but the words framed themselves again on my lips and I repeated:

"Madame, I will play the part."

She looked again at me, more carefully; the light from one of the lamps caught my face, and she gazed for a few seconds earnestly; then she grew pale, seemed almost to stumble forward, but recovered herself instantaneously. Her right hand was pressed against her heart. Just then the manager hurriedly returned:

"Wire engaged," he explained briefly. "They'll ring me up in a moment. A thousand apologies for having left you. Let us come in out of the cold."

"I have been well entertained," Madame replied laughingly. "This man, he has offered to what you call 'save the game,'" and she pointed to me a little derisively.

The manager turned on me angrily. "Has he annoyed you, Madame? Be off with you. Poor devil, he looks a bit down in his luck though."

My impulse had been to move away, but I was held, as it were by force, to the spot. My clothes and shoes were evidence of my ill-fortune, if evidence were needed. This was only another rebuff. What did it matter? But the woman looked at me again.

"Poor devil," she murmured, "he has a queer face. After all there isn't much to do, and he is better than nothing. Come," she said, "I have a presentiment. You shall act to-night with me. We will do great things together, you and I, and you shall

have as your reward the money they throw you on the stage. For to-night then? To-morrow—what matters to-morrow? Is it agreed then? Come."

A fervour of gratitude rose in my breast. I had never realised before to such an extent my utterly desperate state. Tears dimmed my eyes, as I half unconsciously offered her my hand to seal our contract. She took it, and we three passed within the precincts of the theatre, the manager expostulating in vain. The French blood of La Réveillon was revealed in her impetuousness, her obstinacy, and her kind heart.

III

I stood before a mirror, clad in appalling rags—a veritable beggar. My face was emaciated by recent starvation, but the make-up brought this out even more strongly. I gazed at myself. In fifteen minutes more I should be on the stage. Several thoughts, unbidden guests, coursed through my brain, strange questionings obsessed me. What strange freak of fortune had ever made me dare to approach La Réveillon? *Then* I felt strong, purposeful, impelled as it were to some end. *Now* my courage was completely gone. The next hour loomed before me in horrid guise. I knew not what it would bring forth. What was the part that fortune had cast for me? A man had come and told me what I was to do. I had been shown where to stand—near the footlights, to the side. I was to appeal dumbly for money, raising my sightless eyes to the audience for pity, while she danced for me and claimed by her art the charity which would have been denied to my rags. Above all I was not to get in the

way. This was all I could remember. While it was explained to me, I seemed to grasp it all, to understand, and my informant appeared pleased. He had called me "intelligent," and said he thought we should get through all right. But now! now it was all going from me, and a chill terror was possessing me.

Great heavens! Only ten minutes more! No, I could not do it. I must escape while there was yet time. I turned; surely there was some one in the room; yet where? I looked round, there was no one. I glanced back towards the mirror; I *looked* the part, a new courage seemed to be coming to me. *Could* I go through with the thing. Again, the impression stronger this time, I felt I was not alone; again I turned and gazed upon nothingness. Yet stay! A shadowy misty figure was forming itself by the corner near the door. As I looked, my fears seemed gradually to disappear, my courage seemed to strengthen, yet I could not speak. Closer and closer drew this figure, still shadowy, yet the form more clearly defined, but the face was clouded and misty. At length it came near to me, so near that I could have touched it. I even wished to do so, but the power to move seemed to have left me. Slowly it approached, and still I could not move. Fascinated I watched; at last so near it came, I could not understand why it did not touch me. Nearer even yet, and I lost the sense of its outline. It was there, I knew, and now I could not see it. At last I realised; it had *passed partly through me*, enveloped me, and stopped.

There are some things which cannot be written down. I was now possessed of an indescribable sensation. I was myself, and one other. There

was one part me, and another part not me, and this other part was in command. What did it all mean? It was now time to go on the stage. I looked once again in the mirror and saw myself—myself yet not myself. Some one now came to call me. A thrilling inspiration filled my being. I was no longer Stephen Margrave; I was the beggar for whom the lady danced. Confidently I pursued my way to the wings. The mocking glances of the stray players I met did not touch me, although they eyed me curiously. Were they conscious of the change in me, I dimly wondered; and then my other self impelled me forward. La Réveillon met me, and scarcely heeding me said:

"Go on first, and stand there, and don't get in my way. Courage! I come immediately behind you."

I nodded. All fear had left me now and, lost to everything save an overwhelming sense of excitement, I stepped upon the stage.

IV

Strange and conflicting emotions held me as I took my place close by the footlights. At first I had no fear; I shuffled on, just as a sightless man might do, groping my way to the destined position, my right hand grasping pathetically some sort of bowl in which to receive the charity of the casual passer-by. My eyes were open, gazing, as it were, into an impenetrable darkness. In truth, the glare of the footlights at first dazzled them, but soon I became aware of a sea of shadowy faces, and tier upon tier of figures with eyes intently turned towards me. The sense of duality which had taken hold of me in the dressing

room and borne me safely behind the footlights seemed to be deserting me. The other presence began to recede from me. As in a dream, I observed that "it,"—the other me—had deserted me for a while and was standing close to where La Réveillon would make her entrance.

She was coming—only fifteen seconds after my entrance, but what an eternity these fifteen seconds had seemed. A hush fell upon the audience, a silent expectancy made itself felt. *She* was coming—and a ripple of applause, growing louder and louder, heralded her coming.

She came on quietly, apparently unconscious of everything save her desire to dance for the beggar, to bring to an unfortunate fellow-being some of the happiness that was surely hers. Her movements were grace personified, and she approached me with a smile full of heavenly pity. Closer she came, and behind her glided the shadowy figure. When she was almost at my side, the figure moved forward more quickly, and once more enveloped me. Again I was Stephen Margrave and one other, again courage possessed me; all strangeness left me.

The dance began; La Réveillon stretched forth her hands towards me with a gesture of exquisite compassion, and then turned thus towards the audience in a mute appeal for help. Slowly she swayed to and fro, as if possessed by a sense of her own inability to aid; then her movements became gradually more quick, almost imperceptibly so, until at last a realisation came to me that she was caught in the toils of her art, lost in the maze of a wonderful whirl of movement. Not a sound could be heard in the theatre, save the weird

music from the orchestra, which wafted to my ears as it were the strains from some other world.

I could not be still. The Presence yet with me seemed utterly to possess me. A blind man often displays powers which seem incredible to those with sight. He develops a sixth sense; thus was I. I had ceased to be Stephen Margrave, had ceased to be the presence; *I was the beggar.* Seeing nothing, yet governed by this sixth sense, I turned and followed with my sightless eyes, wide open, staring, every movement of La Réveillon's dance. For one moment the audience gave their attention to me. I pleaded with my hands, I showed by my gestures the work of mercy this wonderful woman was doing by dancing for me, a beggar from the street. My adoration for her was manifest in my every movement, and it was not feigned; it was a reality. Love—I had never known what it meant before—filled my being. I loved Constance Réveillon, or was it the Presence that loved her, for it dominated me completely now? My actions shewed my love. I moved towards her as if to bid her cease her work of mercy, as if to tell her how unworthy I was. My face was turned towards hers. For an instant she met my look, seemed to falter. Again, as at the stage door, her hand sought her heart; an answering look of love leaped into her eyes, succeeded by a puzzled and disappointed expression. On she danced, but every moment the triumph of her dancing was more and more apparent. I moved from side to side of the stage—all orders forgotten—worshipping her, asking the people to crown the appreciation of her art, by rewarding her in the way she would have wished—by rewarding me.

My musings were suddenly disturbed. Something whizzed through the air, struck me and rolled to the floor. It was a sovereign. Carried away by the impelling magic of the scene, some spectator had thrown it. It fell at my feet unheeded. The spirit of art had entered into me. I would not spoil her dance by groping on the stage for a sovereign. More coins were thrown, even some jewellery—charity for the beggar.

At last the movements of La Réveillon grew slower, slower, still slower. I moved back to my original position, holding out my hands once again to the people. Then a strange thing happened. She came close behind me, laid her hands lightly on my shoulders, bent forward and smiled.

"Thank you! my beggar—my mascot—you and I will dance for ever, will we not?"

One last gesture of appeal from her, a shower of coins, a bow, and she drifted from the stage, amidst thunders of applause. I stood where I was, the Presence was leaving me. I was conscious of gold lying at my feet. I bent down as if to feel for it; the curtain had begun to fall. Another burst of applause, as the audience were slowly hidden from my sight.

Could it be that this applause was for me?

V

The memory plays strange tricks with one. I have but a confused recollection of what happened to me between the time of the fall of the curtain and my waking up next morning in my dingy little lodging in Pimlico. The first thing my eyes lit on were my

clothes, still wet with the rain of the night before, lying as if hastily thrown about the room. How I had returned from the theatre I could not remember. Suddenly a wave of doubt came over me. The whole thing was a dream, an elaborately constructed dream, a fantasy born of my wretched state to cheat me of my misery. But it had been marvellously realistic. Even now, I could scarcely reconcile myself to the theory that it was all a dream, albeit I had no evidence to prove that the wonderful events I have just set down had ever taken place, but for my knowledge that I had been out on the streets for hours last night as my wet clothes testified.

I got up wearily. To-night must be spent entirely on the streets; save for my sixpence I was utterly destitute. Then suddenly something lying on a table in the corner of the room attracted my attention. It was a bag, and to that bag was attached a card. A flood of recollection swept over me. I remembered, at first dimly, then more clearly, that after I had left the stage, I had changed my clothes, and then some one had given me a bag—the very bag lying on the table before me—tied up with La Réveillon's card, and on it, pencilled in her handwriting: "From the Lady to the Beggar." A message had also come; she wished to see me in half an hour. Had I gone to see her? I could not tell. Perhaps in time I should remember details. Now all was vague, shadowy, except the bag; it was tangible. I opened it; and the glint of gold caught my eye. My recent experiences had dulled my brain, or I would surely have known what it must contain, but perhaps this was because my thoughts were otherwhere recalling the wonderful dance, or rather fragments

of the wonderful dance I had seen. Still man must live. Our contract came before me; the bag contained my earnings. I turned them out on the table—a diamond ring, a gold bracelet, fifteen sovereigns, six half-sovereigns, twelve half-crowns, and four shillings. In all, nineteen pounds, fourteen shillings. Riches, indeed! I counted the money over and over again, mentally assessing the value of the ring and bracelet. For the moment the theatre, the dance, all were forgotten; my horizon was limited by nineteen pounds, fourteen shillings, a diamond ring, and a gold bracelet. La Réveillon had nobly kept her part of the contract. The sudden revulsion from hopeless poverty to comparative wealth overwhelmed me. I sat down, unnerved, put my face in my hands, and wept.

After a little, I began to grow accustomed to my change of fortune. Then the thought of the theatre again swept over me. La Réveillon's whispered words as she left the stage came back to me:

"You and I will dance for ever, will we not?"

She had not understood; that was it, she had not, understood. How should she know of the Presence, how should she guess that, had not something that was not me allied itself to me for a brief hour, I should have ruined and not helped her dance. I could not go back to the theatre. Having once tasted the fruits of a success which was not mine, could I bear the horror of a failure which would be mine alone? It was impossible. Still she counted on me—that I knew—and in a few short hours would expect me. And I must not go, for something within me told me firmly and inevitably that the Presence would not come again. Better surely she

should think me faithless, than that I should fail to repeat the wonderful performance of last night—and my performance had been wonderful. The beggar had been no adjunct of the dance, he had been part of it; in his way, he had performed his duty as marvellously as she, and surely no dancer had ever danced as she did last night.

I sat and argued with myself, but all my deliberations ended in one determination; I would not act tonight. Still, I must warn her. I would send a telegram to her, breaking my engagement, if engagement it had ever been. Sooner starve than go with the certainty of spoiling her triumph.

£19.14s. I could well spare sixpence on a telegram. I would spend the very sixpence that had stood between me and beggary. The idea appealed to my imagination. I dressed hastily and went out quietly. Somehow I wished to avoid my landlady, a person whose mental horizon never extended beyond the idea of her rent. I could satisfy her now, but I would not see her yet. I was cold and faint for want of food. There was an A. B. C. shop close by. I should have toast, poached eggs and coffee—a glorious meal. Anticipation hastened my steps.

Just at the door of the shop a boy was selling newspapers. I must allow myself one luxury. I bought one, changing a shilling,—my sixpence I kept for the telegram—but I did not open it until I had given the order for my breakfast. A penny paper must not be treated lightly. I was perusing the advertisements first when my ear was caught by a sound outside. My newsboy was calling out in strident tones: "Sudden death of a famous Dancer."

Something in the tragedy of the words struck me, and I opened my paper feverishly, but I knew before I opened it what I should read.

We regret very much to announce the sudden death of Mme. Constance Reveillon this morning at her residence in Eccleston place. The death was due to failure of the heart, and must have occurred in the early hours, for her maid found her dead when she took in the morning tea.

Then followed an account of the actress' career. I read it eagerly; all the facts had been pigeon-holed by some enterprising journalist, in readiness to be brought out when occasion arose. They were well strung together. Further on I read:

Last night Mme. Reveillon seemed to have reached the height of her triumph. Many spectators say that she has never before danced so divinely. One curious incident occurred prior to the performance. We believe that the part of the beggar owing to an accident to Mr. Devereux, and, almost simultaneously, the sudden illness of his understudy, was left absolutely unfilled, until just at the last moment an actor out of work offered his services, which were, *faute de mieux*, accepted. What threatened to ruin Mme. Reveillon's dance proved only to enhance its perfection. The stray "beggar" acted marvellously, interpreting the part in a new and inspiring manner, and Mme. Reveillon declared last night that she would never dance her Beggar Dance again unless this man acted with her. His name is unknown, but his acting was so fine that he is sure never to be overlooked in the future. His performance was reminiscent of the work of Arthur Gerrard who, it will be remembered, died under painful circumstances only a year ago. He was at the time of his death engaged to be married to Mme. Reveillon, and it is said that the heart trouble from which she suffered and from which she eventually died was largely accentuated by her grief.

VI

La Réveillon dead! I tried to realise it, to understand all it signified, but even at such moments when we would be most alone, the outer world interrupts. A

waitress came, bringing my meal. The thought of food sickened me. I gave her some money and went towards my lonely lodging almost dazed. Up the long stairs I slowly climbed, and then having reached my room, I locked the door and sat down to think.

La Réveillon dead! I understood now what the world would never know. The love of Arthur Gerrard for Constance Réveillon had lasted beyond death. Have the dead prophetic insight? did he know she was so soon to join him? Be that as it may, it was he and he only who had inspired me that wonderful night. His love for Constance had brought him back to the physical world to do one last service for her. And in a sense she had known this, for twice—once at the stage door, once during the dance when the stranger completely dominated me—she had faltered, and pressed her hand against her heart as if to quieten its beating.

Surely it was the inspiration of his presence that had made her dance that night as she had never danced before, gaining a veritable triumph, reaching the culminating point of her art.

While I was thus musing, my mind came back with a sudden jerk to practical affairs. £19. 14s. will not keep a man for ever. I must get work, the future must be faced. And as I was grappling with my problem, once again the strange, the weird, the supernatural occurred. The Presence was again with me. I felt, rather than saw, this time. For about five minutes it seemed to linger with me, and then left me, as it were, reluctantly; but a distinct impression remained with me that it had tried to do me some service for what I had done for her in her hour of need.

The impression persisted, and gradually, as if from some other world, an idea seemed to filter down into my brain. I could not act, and yet I had the instinct for art. It has many branches, and I might be true to her in one though false to her in another. A fresh hope began to take birth in me. Was it not possible? One thing at least I could do. I might try to write the story of that wonderful night. Filled with the idea, I found a pen, some paper and wrote for a couple of hours the story which is here set down. But I owe it to her that it should never see the light of day, for it holds a part of her life-history which is known to but three persons—herself, Arthur Gerrard and myself. And two of these are dead. Still the hope remains ....

[*The manuscript here comes suddenly to an end.*]

Theodore Leslie Crombie

CORRESPONDENCE

BALANCE IN CRITICISM

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE THEOSOPHIST"

When I from time to time read the various criticisms levelled at our President and the leaders of the T. S. I often wonder why it is that some members of the movement seem incapable of grasping the fact that there is such a thing as evolution, and that some of our members are much older in evolution (older egos) than a great many of us. These older Souls also have developed certain faculties which we at present do not possess, faculties which enable them to a certain extent to look back into the past, as well as into the future, and they are thereby enabled to trace certain causes to their effects, etc. Now therefore when they make statements which we may not agree with, as they do occasionally, we should be very careful in passing judgment, for our President may have reasons for doing so undreamt of by the great majority of us. And when we do criticise, and no one welcomes honest criticism more than the President, let us at least keep a level balance and do it consciously remembering whom we are criticising—one who has devoted many lives in various ways to the service of Humanity. I can perhaps quite understand some of the younger members making these errors of judgment; but I can find no excuse for the older members making such mistakes. (Mr. Jinarajadasa's explanations in the June number of THE THEOSOPHIST may meet the case to some extent.)

Germiston, Transvaal, S. A. HOWARD ARNOLD, F.T.S.

FOLLOWING UP

To the Editor of "The Theosophist"

In modern business the term, to follow up, has acquired a very definite and particular significance. Most readers have probably experienced the process after having made an enquiry relating to some attractively advertised article which did not, however, lead to a purchase. Regularly thereafter, for possibly two or even three years, they will have received further letters, circulars, and advertisements of the same or similar goods, sometimes offered at less and less rates. This is being "followed up," for it is recognised that the spark of interest which led to the original enquiry is one which may sooner or later be fanned into a flame of purchase. So up-to-date business concerns find that the time, labour, and money spent on thus following up potential customers is more than worth while in the addition to trade it brings in. In modern business magazines constant notes and articles on this method of securing custom will be found and most elaborate indexes, registers, and statistics are maintained in connection with it.

Now every Theosophist yearly meets with a number of people who betray some spark of interest in matters Theosophical and occult, and some of these sparks he or others doubtless manage to fan into a steady and increasing flame of interest. But probably the greater proportion are allowed to smoulder until accidentally fanned again into transient brightness. This is where, it seems to the writer, that we might well adopt the systematic methods of modern business, since a potential Theosophist is surely worth at least as much trouble as a potential buyer of a half-crown article. Exactly what methods should be followed can only be determined after experiments in various places have been carried out and the suggestions which follow are put forward merely as suggestions to be modified as experience may dictate.

Directly, then, anyone has shown any interest in Theosophical matters it should be reported to the Lodge headquarters, where the name and all possible particulars, especially those in connection with the particular trend of thought of the individual should be registered, preferably on cards in a card index. Thereafter, at regular intervals, definite efforts should be made to fan the spark into life again, due records of the efforts and results being kept. To carry out the campaign really well, of course, will demand the services of an energetic Theosophist versed in the diabolical intricacies of the card index system with its cross references, shaped and coloured signals and other maddening devices. Further he must be a

man of some judgment able to guess from often slight indications what will be the best methods of attack. This does not mean to say, however, that the system should not be given a trial even where a lodge or centre has no one answering to this description. A little enthusiasm will make up for a great lack of the necessary qualifications, which may quite probably be lying dormant, and may require but a little study and experience to render them most serviceable.

Needless to say that when these potential Theosophists leave the town in which originally registered, their cards should at once be transferred to the lodge in their new place of residence, so that the campaign once started may not be stopped through a mere accident like a move. It would also seem desirable in the case of important and influential people so registered, whose further interest in Theosophy would be a valuable asset to the cause, to report particulars of them to sectional headquarters in order that their cases may be given special treatment by those peculiarly trained and experienced. In such cases the fullest particulars regarding tastes, characteristics, idiosyncracies, etc., should be gathered and sent in.

E. G. H.

REVIEWS

The Triumph of Death and *The Flame of Life*, by Gabriele D'Annunzio. Translated from Italian. (William Heinemann, London. Price 3s. 6d. each.)

It was Poe, we believe, who spoke of the poetry of words and defined it as the "rhythmical creation of beauty" and we did not quite fathom the inwardness of the expression till we read the English versions of the Italian (rendered, we believe, with care and devotion), *Il Trionfo della Morte* and *Il Fuoco* by Georgina Harding and Kassandra Vivaria. If the translations are so poetic, what must be the original in soft and rhythmic Italian we can imagine, especially when we find our author remarking about the Italian language: "In a page it can fix with graphic precision the slightest and most elusive waves of emotion, thought, and even of incoercible dreamland." However accurate and faithful the translation, it leaves the natural feeling on the foreigner-reader that over-rich oriental cooking produces in the case of the average Westerner even accustomed to rich food of French or Dutch origin. Over-richness tires, and that is the only irremediable defect these translations present.

Born of Italian brain, manifesting the beauty which Dante saw in Beatrice, permeated with the fragrance of Italian flowers, expressing the glow of the warm Latin blood that flowed in the veins of Tasso, these two volumes bring their message, their excitement and their thrill. D'Annunzio is a poet-soul and he cannot help talking in poetry for it seems to be the natural medium in which he can think and write, feel and speak. Next, he is a symbologist, a ceremonialist, a sort of magician to whom Nature reveals certain of her secrets and sings peculiar songs. To him is vouchsafed a particular vision of The Beautiful which enables him to evolve a system in which The Good and The True play their part. He is

an abnormal psychologist who enters into the working of other peoples' brains and hearts, understands it in his own fashion and enables his readers to understand it by his peculiar and certainly original exposition. He reads the history of the past repeating itself in the present, and has the power of interpretation and prophesying for the future. He writes what he has felt, experienced, gone through. He portrays what he has seen, and more enchanting still what he has idealised. He paints his inner emotional realisations with a master hand: there is strength of the whole and magnificence of detail. Emotions find embodiments, desires gain incarnations, passions don shape and weep, feelings take birth and sing, sentiments come to life and speak, aspirations assume form and chant.

While the Beauty of form is as perfect as possible, the author's inherent outlook on life and the universe creates a gap which an idealist fails to fill up with his optimism as he reads, understands, and appreciates D'Annunzio. Our author is a materialist; not perhaps of the ordinary type but one whose materialism is removed to a subtler plane of being. Theosophically he is a materialist of the Astral Plane: he sees in emotional existence the power and potency of Man, son of God. He is a voluptuary—not of the gross, slum type. His centre of consciousness abides in the world of emotions and his knowledge and culture are dominated by Kāma. His love for and appreciation of the Beautiful enables him to live in a garden, but that garden is the "Garden of Kāma" familiar to the readers of Laurence Hope.

On the side of form he is a master. His pen pictures are superb. Whether their respective messages are true or not is "another story". What he paints one cannot help admiring for its wealth of details, its beauty of colour. The vivification of life he produces by vitalising dead old forms is grand. The sensuous illusion of reality he fashions forth and catches his reader into is an experience. But when that beautiful, gorgeous, living form is pierced by Idealism it proves to be a bubble—it bursts. There is no spirituality in it. Its soul is desire-nature—unstable, ever-changing, evanascent. Therefore D'Annunzio's philosophy is a kind of subtler materialism whose central theme is voluptuousness. His language is the language of certain music—passionate but spirit-less.

Take for instance the first of the two novels. It is the diary of a morbid soul. Our author has the great gift of recording in graphic ways desires and passions, their cogitations and struggles, and their final expression in the body of sensuous flesh and hot blood. There is hardly a volume that can beat *The Triumph of Death* in that respect; and yet at the close of the volume if the reader asks: "Where will Giorgio and Ippolita turn up after their tragic end in this world?" or "What would be the future destiny of the hero and the heroine when, under cyclic laws, once again they descend to earth to love and suffer or to repent and grow?"—we get no answer. Death has triumphed as far as the passionate flesh of the people is concerned—but what of their passions? D'Annunzio may himself feel satisfied that nothing more remains, and that Giorgio in murdering his much-loved mistress and dying with her has gone to eternal "love-making" and rest, but neither psychology nor philosophy can lend him a support.

Or take *The Flame of Life*. It preaches the creed of the Beautiful, but the Beautiful is once again looked at by the eye of passion and interpreted and understood by the brain of a voluptuary. Such passion and voluptuousness are not expressions of vulgarity; they are not even rude, shocking or grotesque, but they are vital. The author seems to belong to that class of people to whom he refers as "those who feel an obscure necessity of raising themselves by means of Fiction out of the daily prison in which they serve and suffer". His philosophy is sybaritic. Build your soulless castles of emotional illusions and live therein and laugh and weep and have thrills, thrills, thrills—and then death which has its "triumphs" and "silences". It is all very clever, and it is art of its kind, but truth—?

But the volumes are a veritable treasury for artist-souls. There is material to work upon and ideas to get hold of for purposes of expansion in directions other than that which our author has achieved. Much will be missed by those who have no art in them, but for the votaries of The Beautiful D'Annunzio certainly opens a new way to worship.

B. P. W.

Telepathy, or the Power of Thought Transference, by J. C. F. Grumbine. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London, 1915. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This is not a very interesting book, and we should imagine it was intended by the author rather for the more advanced student of matters spiritualistic than as a study of telepathy. The latter, as far as its practical value and operation are concerned, receives from the author little more than a very superficial treatment. The small instruction we get is found in the last chapter and though the directions are few in number they are very correct. Disharmonious thoughts should never be entertained. Corrupt and selfish ideas should not be allowed to darken and harden the mind. Free meditation is to be practised, with a close observance of diet. We welcome these observations but cannot help remarking that they have been demonstrated by the Indian Yogi and others for many centuries past. Compared with the rest of the book this last chapter, which should be a luminous summing up, rather disappoints us, and as the contribution of fresh light upon the subject is so insignificant, we are tempted to wonder why the book was written. Our predilection in books of this class is for the sincere attempt to enlighten, and we cannot truthfully place the present work in this category.

The earlier chapters deal with the powers of thought and their origin, the brain and its relation to mind. Continuing, they treat of aspiration and inspiration, spiritualism and its connection with excarnate spirit thought. The style is somewhat involved and sentences frequently occupy a quarter of a page, but the subject matter for the most part follows the generally accepted lines of modern thought.

I. ST. C. S.

Council from the Heavenly Spheres and Thoughts Thereon, by H. B. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 1s.)

We have here twenty-five short meditations on the conduct of life. The author received counsel from a "spirit-guide" and in this volume presents it to the world, together with reflections of her own on some of the subjects dealt with.

The object for which the book was written is this: There are many struggling souls who, in their endeavour to live the higher life have left the beaten track and, as a result, find themselves lonely, left without earthly friends and sympathisers. To these it would be a comfort to know that in the invisible worlds which surround us there are discarnate beings who know them, feel for them, and are anxious to befriend and help them. The author wishes to witness to the truth of this consoling fact: to pass on to others this knowledge and some of the fruits of those faculties that have enabled her to gain it.

How the spirit communications were made we are not told, but certainly the counsel received is very much above the average of "teachings" purporting to come from "Heavenly Spheres". It holds up a high ideal of service and impersonal love; it is sane and balanced and full of common sense.

It is a pity that here again as in most writings of this class there is a hopeless confusion of thought in connection with the word "spirit". If only it could be kept clearly before the minds of writers and readers alike that the "spirit" from which the word spiritual is derived is not a human being who has passed beyond the grave, *i.e.*, dropped his physical body, nor even an "angel" or a highly evolved being from "the other side"! H. B. evidently recognises the danger of misunderstanding. She warns us that not all spirits are good; that the development of psychic faculties must not be made synonymous with the unfoldment of spirituality. Yet she speaks of the "World of spirit" as being "very near"—evidently meaning the invisible world to which conscious access can be gained only by the psychic, and she leaves us with the impression that her spirit guide is, by the fact of his being a "spirit," a more direct messenger from the great "Over-Soul" than Canon Wilberforce to whom, as she tells us in the Introduction she is indebted for much help in her "dark days". The work of the writers on what one might call ethical spiritualism would be more convincing, would appeal to a larger public, if this confusion of terms could be avoided.

A. de L.

Some Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 1s.)

The present volume represents an effort to compress within a modest compass, and to sell for a proportionately low price, a selection of the well-known "*The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson* by his friend Sir Sidney Colvin." Thus is the book described by its compiler, Lloyd Osbourne, R. L. S.'s step-son. What can the reviewer do or say but joyfully pass on the good news of its existence and add that the "modest compass" means 299 well-filled pages, and the "comparatively low price" only 1 shilling, bringing this mine of profit and pleasure "within the reach of all," as the phrase goes !

A. de L.

South Indian Bronzes, a Historical Survey of South Indian Sculpture with Iconographical Notes based on Original Sources. By O. C. Gangoly. (Thacker Spink, Calcutta. Price Rs. 15.)

It has been the fashion amongst European art critics to disparage the merits of Brahmanical sculpture on the ground of the alleged monstrosities of the Hindū paurānic conceptions, which, it is said, are incapable of artistic treatment.

On the other hand, the masterpieces of South Indian Art have received but little honour in their own country, as the modern educated South Indian still continues to cultivate a philistine indifference for the works of art produced by his ancestors. Mr. Gangoly's effort will, let us hope, serve a double purpose. His work will be a valuable reinforcement to that of Mr. Havell and Mr. Coomaraswamy in making Hinḍū Art, as art, apprehensible by the western world, and it might be a spur for the generation of to-day to devote more attention to the treasures of old Indian art, which have survived in ancient temples and shrines in a bewildering variety, and which, little known as they are, offer a source of captivating research and fascinating study.

The specimens of Indian sculpture dealt with in this volume belong to the South Indian Shaivaite School, which constitutes the *bella epoca* of Indian art. The author has based his study on original sources, namely three Samskṛṭ

manuscripts—one in possession of an hereditary craftsman in the Tanjore District—dealing with the sculptor's canons, Kasyapiya, Agastiya and Bramhiya, which have not yet seen publication nor have they been used by any previous writer.

The first and second chapters of the volume deal with the history of South Indian sculpture, with reference to the writers commencing with Agastya, the first Āryan missionary who came to the South, and whose influence was an epoch-making one. He is the reputed author of the first Tamil Grammar and he did for Tamil what Pāṇini did for Samskṛt. He also seems to be the first author to systematise the practice of image-making in South India, and the rules and proportions laid down in his work are practically the same as those elaborated in the later works on South Indian sculpture, such as *Kasyapiya Saraswatiya*, *Anghsumanaveda Kalpa*, etc., and they are still followed by modern South Indian sculptors.

The author says that it is difficult to ascertain the exact time when Shaivaism introduced itself in India as a definite cult, but that it probably came along with the advent of Brahmanism led by Agastya. From the ninth to the thirteenth century a wave of Shaiva fanaticism practically swept over the whole of South India and Ceylon, and was enthusiastically supported by the Kings of the Chola dynasties. The series of temples built by these Shaivaite princes constitutes one of the best schools of Indian architecture, witness the famous Bṛhadeshvar temple at Tanjore erected by King Rāja-Rāja. No less was the patronage accorded to religious sculpture, and most of the specimens in this volume are of that period.

The third chapter, well illustrated by figures and diagrams, is devoted to the canons of the Shilpashāstras, with an account of the system of proportionate measurements and rules, which, although they for ever reduced the art of the Indian sculptor to a formula, do not appear to have hampered the artistic perception of individual workers, and they only paralysed now and then the freedom of expression of the less gifted craftsman. The pose, hand-action, characteristic ornaments, and decorative accessories of the figures are fully dealt with in this chapter which gives us also a detailed account of the process employed in casting the images, namely the well-known *cire perdue* or the " lost-wax " process.

Chapter IV deals with the history and evolution of Chola Art, of which the bronzes are but a ramification. Of not less interest is the information given about the stone sculpture of the same period with several illustrations of statues and bas-reliefs existing in the different temples, especially in the Bṛhadeshvar temple at Tanjore. This chapter further tells about the evolution of the image of Natarāja (Shiva) and the excellent pieces the cult of Rama contributed to the South Indian School of bronzes; the relationship between Sinhalese and South Indian Art, and many more interesting items are dealt with, in reference to the numerous illustrations—about ninety-five of which follow the text.

In the fifth and last chapter Mr. Gangoly treats Buḍḍhist and Shaivaite sculpture and considers the effect of the canons. Further, comparing Indian and Greek art he points out that the Indian idol-maker has symbolised a spiritual image in an ideal type or superman owing to his essentially religious outlook on life. The Greeks on the contrary have made but grand and beautiful *men* of their Gods, for their conception of life, their love and care for the human body confined the artist's conception of the Deity to a perfectly developed human form. "The vocation of the Greek sculptors was not to bring the people nearer to the Gods—to the conceptions of the super-human as in India—but to bring the Gods nearer to the heart of the people by making their images in human shape." "The Indian conception of the Divine has uplifted the human form out of the realm of the merely physical and has transfigured it with spiritual meaning."

Each plate is accompanied by notes as to locality, probable date, etc., and usually by a verse from the Shilpashāstras enumerating the chief characteristics of the deity or figure depicted. More than one process has been employed in their reproduction, and some of them are very well-executed. The printing and general get-up of the book are very good; on the whole a valuable acquisition for any library and a work all lovers of Indian art will be glad to possess.

D. Ch.

"*I Promise*": *Talks to Young Disciples*, by C. Jinarājadāsa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d.)

There is one little book unique, probably, in the literature of the world, written in English by a little Indian boy, and it set before the world in simple language the teaching given by a Master of the Wisdom to His little boy disciple. That book every Theosophist knows—*At the Feet of the Master*, by Alcyone. It caused much questioning and discussion, it was received with incredulity by some; and for others, for many, it became a little scripture. Why? Because written in a language which any child could understand, it yet contained the time-old message of the Ancient Wisdom for the soul that is about to tread the Path of Discipleship. That is why we are put in mind of that little book by the one which we now have under review. There is a parallel to be drawn between them, for both contain a deep spiritual message for the grown-up soul in a child body.

The small volume before us has simple lessons, written in the bright descriptive fashion which is easy of appeal to the child-brain, and would prove an invaluable guide-book for conduct for all the children in the world. It teaches manners, it teaches thoughtfulness for others, it inspires them with the examples of the world's great heroes and knights—the highest teaching we can give to children—and this is made the more attractive and easy by formulated promises and verses, which can be learned and repeated.

And yet, this is not a book for children, really. It contains a deep lesson of life which every grown-up needs to learn and few have as yet learned. Under the heading "Bright Looks" we are told:

> If you say: "But I do not feel bright always," my answer is, "Whatever is your feeling you must have a bright face." You may perhaps then say, "Is not this pretending?" No, because deep down, as a soul, you are bright, and full of sunshine and happiness; and when you promise to yourself, "I will give Bright Looks to all I meet," you are really bringing into your brain something that is inside you; therefore you are not pretending at all.

In "Brave Words" is included kind words, beautiful words and true words. The author points out the necessity for using words appropriately and accurately, and avoiding

ugly words, that is, " a word which describes what is not in the Master ".

The key-note of Mr. Jinarajadasa's message, which we may discover, more or less, in every work of his, is the fact that we are souls and not bodies. The following passage bears out this view-point more vividly than we have found it in any other words written by him :

> It does not in the least matter that men should injure you, or even kill you ; you are souls, and as souls you cannot be killed. And do not forget that the Master always knows what is happening to His pupils everywhere ; if His pupils are in danger, the Master knows ; if they want help, the Master knows. You can always trust in him that He knows ; and if He knows that is all that matters. Because whatever help you want, He will give you ; and if there comes a time that you are to be killed, well, that only means that the Master wants your death, because your death can help the world more just then than your life.

The value of this little volume for the purpose of propaganda will be considerable, for in itself it stands for a teaching of reincarnation, wherein the youth of the body and maturity of the soul are clearly distinguishable, and explains without intent something of what it means to become a pupil of the Great Masters. It will lead to many questions, perhaps to a deeper search in our Theosophical books, for information concerning these facts which seem to render the vista of earthly life all at once wider, deeper, and more full of inspiration. We recommend this book to the perusal of " old souls " and " young bodies " alike.

D. M. C.

The Holy Fire, by Jamshedji Dadabhoy Shroff. (Sethna Building, Thakordwar, Bombay.)

This little booklet is a good attempt at expounding some of the inner meanings of the visible symbol of fire so much venerated by every devout Zoroastrian. It is written in a very easy and simple style, and the ideas expressed therein are well substantiated by apt quotations. The third chapter on " Aspects of Fire " is particularly interesting and illuminative. The author has harmoniously blended some of the western ideas of art and beauty with eastern conceptions of contemplation, and though, in some cases, the conclusions drawn are stretched a little too far, still they afford ample

scope for serious thought and careful study, and we have pleasure in recommending its perusal by all who are interested in symbology, especially those Zoroastrian scholars who are apt to take rather a materialistic view of many of the Zoroastrian rituals and ceremonies, and see nothing beyond the concrete materialised forms.

J. R. A.

The Heart of Things, written down by Edward Clarence Farnsworth. (Portland, Maine Smith and Sale.)

This book will prove gratifying to the occultly curious, for it is full of information on occult matters. It consists of a statements of facts concerning the occult workings of our universe and man's nature, written down in a straightforward manner, without much comment or suggestion. We are unable to say as to how far it is accurate, but most of it is knowledge familiar to Theosophists, and at least the tone of the book is thoroughly pure and, unlike some of the automatically written books, is, we judge, quite harmless. We are inclined to think the author has not done justice to his work in the choice of its title, for until one examines the contents one has an expectation of some hazy pseudo-mystic effusion. The get up of the volume fails in the same respect —it is not so dignified as its interior matter.

D. M. C.

From Faith to Certainty, by Chaudri Mohammad Sayal M.A.

This is an attractively written pamphlet dealing with the progress of the religious life through the stages of instinctive and traditional belief in God to intellectual examination of its truth, and final realisation of its power as a living force in the life. It forms an introduction to the Muhammadan presentment of spiritual truth which should rouse further interest in the reader. Copies may be had from the Author (enclosing postage), 39 Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, London, W. C.

M. E. C.

ON THE VALENCY OF THE CHEMICAL ATOMS

IN CONNECTION WITH THEOSOPHICAL CONCEPTIONS CONCERNING THEIR EXTERIOR FORM

THE article under the above title, published in THE THEOSOPHIST for July, 1914 (Vol. XXXV, No. 10), p. 535, was translated from the Dutch. The Author has sent the following list of corrections of the translation (*indicates line from bottom):

P.	L.	FOR	READ
541	5	Often, also, other negative poles will exactly then absorb the opposite stream issuing from a positive pole:	Often, also, negative poles *other than the one exactly opposite*, will absorb the stream issuing from a positive pole:
543	4	heptavalency $Cl_2 O_7$	heptavalency *in* $Cl_2 O_7$
544	4	cube faces	cube *directions*
552	10	ring three	ring *the* three
553	3	pounds in their normal condition, are	pounds, in their normal condition are
555	10*, 9*	physical or around an immaterial axis formed by one or more spikes, so that	physical axis formed by one or more spikes, or around an immaterial *axis*, so that
558	11*	poles of the bottom	*pole* of the bottom
558	5*, 4*	position which . . . occur	*delete*: which . . . occur
559	13	valence with ever constant polarity we	valence—with ever constant polarity—we
559	11*	recall to mind	*imagine*
559	1*	explain	*lay out, spread out*
560	8	disturbances	disturbances *of symmetry*
560	20	linkings of	linkings
560	5*	hyphothesis	*hypothesis*
561	6	, that is forced and unstable,	(that is forced and unstable)
562	note 7*	Pringadie	*Pirngadie*
570	18	have	*has*
571	5	all	*each of*

SUPPLEMENT TO

THE THEOSOPHIST

THE CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, 1915, AT BOMBAY

THE Executive Committee of the Theosophical Society having accepted the invitation of the Lodges, and the President having given her approval to the same, the T. S. Convention of 1915 will be held at Bombay in the month of December next (Christmas week.)

In the absence of any Headquarters at Bombay, arrangements will have to be made from now for the comfort and convenience of the large number of delegates that are likely to attend this First Theosophical Convention at Bombay. In order that as little inconvenience as possible may be suffered we request the intending visitors:

1. To notify their coming by 31st October, 1915, at the latest. Each member attending the Convention should send in the usual registration or delegation Fee of Rupee One and send notice of his coming to Mr. D. S. Bhandarkar, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay.

2. To bring with them bedding, mosquito-nets (if needed), towels, soap, travelling lantern and drinking utensils.

3. If any persons require a special room they must send word by 31st October, 1915, and cash must accompany the order. A room 10ft. by 10ft. will cost Rs. 5 and a larger one 15ft. by 10ft., or thereabouts, will cost Rs. 20. The money should be sent to Mr. D. S. Bhandarkar, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay.

T. S. members at Bombay, and those that may make independent arrangements for their stay at Bombay during

the Convention days, will have to pay the registration or delegation Fee of One Rupee to Mr. D. S. Bhandarkar, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay.

Each delegate requiring meals in the European style (including chota hazri, coffee, tea or milk) is required to pay Rs. 4 per day.

Each delegate requiring meals in the Indian style (two meals per day without lunch, chota hazri or milk) is required to pay Re. 1 per day.

Any delegate requiring any concessions in the above charges or any extra accommodation or convenience, or requiring any separate set of furniture for himself, should make arrangements with Messrs. Jamnadas D. Dharamsi and K. G. Wagle, Hon. Secretaries, Housing Committee, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, T. S., Hornby Road, Fort, Bombay.

The arrangements for lectures, delegates' tickets, etc., are in the charge of Mr. P. R. Green, c/o Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay.

Persons who do not notify their coming beforehand must excuse us if we are unable to provide lodging and food for them, as we cannot displace those who have given previous notice in favour of those who arrive at the last moment, unexpected.

Arrangements are made only for members and their wives (and children, if the latter cannot be left at home).

Other arrangements regarding lectures, etc., will be notified in due course.

All letters addressed to the persons mentioned herein should be marked "*Convention*" in the corner of the envelope.

K. J. B. WADIA,
K. G. WAGLE,
JAMNADAS D. DHARAMSI,
V. V. PRADHAN,
TRIKAMDAS DHARAMSI MURARJI,

Honorary Secretaries,

Bombay T. S. Convention Executive Committee

A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL, T. S.

THE voting on the change of Rule 46, recorded in the Minutes of the T. S. General Council Meeting of 27th December, 1914, was not a full three-fourths majority, and as the meeting was adjourned without fixing a date, some of the Councillors thought that a Special Meeting ought to be called to fully register the votes.

As several General Secretaries did not vote, probably thinking that it was a matter for Indian convenience, the President, T. S., issued a circular on 13th May, 1915, calling a Special Meeting of the General Council, T. S., to be held on August 18th, 1915, and asking those who did not vote to send their votes at once for registration.

In pursuance thereof a Special Meeting of the General Council, T. S., was held at Adyar Headquarters on 18th August, at 8 a.m., where, besides the President and the Recording Secretary, three additional members of the Council, *viz.*, Dr. Sir S. Subramania Iyer, Dr. W. A. English and Mr. C. Jinarājadāsa were present.

After the Minutes of the Meeting of December 27th, 1914, having been previously circulated, were taken as read, and confirmed, the President announced that 3 more votes had come in favour, *viz.*, one from Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the Vice-President, T. S., and the others from the General Secretary, T. S. in the Netherlands, whose vote, by error, had not been entered, and from the General Secretary of Cuba.

Thus the modification of Rule 46 was finally passed by a majority of 27 for, 1 against, and 1 neutral.

The Meeting rose at 8.15 a.m.

ANNIE BESANT, *President*

J. R. ARIA, *Recording Secretary*

Adyar, 18th August, 1915

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th August to 9th September, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. E. Drayton, C. M. G., for 1915, £1	15	0	0
Presidential Agent, Spain, £2. 17s. 6d. dues of new members	42	14	6
DONATIONS			
"A Friend," £10	150	0	0
Rs.	207	14	6

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer, T. S.

Adyar, 9th September, 1915

OLCOTT PANCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th August to 9th September, 1915, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. C. M. Doraiswamy Mudaliar, Public Prosecutor, Chittoor	8	0	0
Secretary, "Nishkama Karma Malha," Poona ...	5	0	0
Miss Nellie Rice, Honolulu, £2	29	15	11
Mrs. A. M. Forsyth, Brisbane, £2	29	14	0
Donations under Rs. 5	1	0	0
Rs.	73	13	11

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

Adyar, 9th September, 1915

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A....	Cincinnati Lodge, T. S.	16-1-1915
Wallace, Idaho, „ ...	Wallace „ „	19-1-1915
Dayton, Ohio, „ ...	Dayton „ „	14-2-1915
Fort Wayne, Indiana, U.S.A.	Fort Wayne, „ „	5-3-1915
Detriot, Michigan, „ ...	Unity „ „	15-3-1915
Peoria, Illinois, „ ...	Peoria „ „	21-3-1915
Chicago, Illinois, „ ...	Herakles „ „	9-4-1915
Louisville, Kentucky, „ ...	Louisville „ „	24-4-1915
Maikar, C. I., India ...	Fraternity „ „	13-8-1915

Adyar,
1st September, 1915

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

THE FOLLOWING LODGES OF THE AMERICAN SECTION ARE CONSOLIDATED

Millenium and Calgary	(Calgary) to Calgary Lodge	July 1914
Alcyone and Vivelius	(Detroit) to Unity Lodge	„ „
Vancouver and Lotus	(Vancouver) to Vancouver Lodge	Oct. 22, '14
Nebraska and Lincoln	(Lincoln) to Lincoln Lodge	March '15

CHANGE OF NAMES

Vivelius Lodge, of Detroit, U.S.A., changed to Unity Lodge, T.S.
Auburn Park Lodge, of Chicago, U.S.A., „ „ Herakles „ „

LODGES DISSOLVED

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of surrender of Charter
Chicago, Ill., U.S.A. ...	German Morning Star Lodge, T. S.	9-2-1915
Danvers, Mass. „ ...	Danvers Lodge, T. S.	12-4-1915
East Orange, N.J., U.S.A.	Olcott „ „	1915

Adyar,
1st September, 1915

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

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Supplement to this Issue

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5.30	P. M.	Public Lecture by Mr. C. Jinarajadasa

Sunday, 26th December, 1915

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Monday, 27th December, 1915

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